BRITISH MUSEUM

Turn to Page 14 for the "J.B." Pen Coupon.

JOHN BULL

VOL XXV. No. 669. | SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1919. | TWOPENCE.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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It is always fresh and pure, always reliable, and always ready for instant use, mixing readily with cold water. Blends perfectly with coffee, tea, or cocoa; in fact, it is the "Ideal" Milk. Sold Everywhere.

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The Hall-mark of Pure Chewing Gum

Interesting Facts about Good Chewing Gum

See this mark on box and packet

FEW people in Britain realize the wonderful care and skill required to make good chewing gum. How many are actually aware that good chewing gum is as pure as distilled water and absolutely free of grit. The fact is that no other sweetmeat has so many really fine qualities to recommend it—good to the taste, the teeth, the digestion, the nerves, the health.

The finest Chewing Gum in the world bears the Adams & Beemans Mark

It takes 12 days to make a stick of this perfect quality: and the makers produce 100,000,000 sticks per day.

The basis of good chewing gum is "Chicle"—the rich sap of a Mexican tree.

First it is dried thoroughly, then ground to meal. The "Chicle Meal" is transformed to syrup and in this state *filtered*, freed from every particle of grit—a big matter—and thoroughly *sterilized*. The gum comes from the filtering machine as *pure* as distilled water.

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The final processes roll it into strips and wrap it ready for the consumer.

A "Chicle" chewing gum factory is one of the cleanest and brightest places imaginable, breathing a splendid *wholesomeness* which is the true character of good chewing gum.

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It enables the busy brain worker to concentrate; satisfies the workman's craving for a smoke in the factory; proves a quiet sedative for the anxious, hard-wrought housemother; it is the safest and most delightful "sweetie" for children. At all times and in most places good chewing gum is a sweetmeat one can enjoy and profit by.

To know good chewing gum you must recognize the "*A-Chicle-A*" Brand which is on every genuine box and packet. It is thus branded because like good wines it is necessary to make it distinctive.

The "*A-Chicle-A*" Brand is your guarantee of perfect purity, a wholesome sweetmeat and a delicious lasting flavour. It is important to see this brand when buying, no matter what flavour you prefer—Spearmint, Licorice, Sen-Sen, Peppermint or any other of the many "A-Chicle-A" varieties.

The SPEARMINT FLAVOUR

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Spearmint is an old world flavour and one of the "cleanest" and most agreeable known. It is delightfully and delicately rendered in Adams Spearmint Chewing Gum.

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TAKE .. RISKS!—Remember our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 16.

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 669. Week ending Saturday, March 29th, 1919. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"If You See It——"

As we go to press there is once more a persistent rumour from Paris that Indemnities have been abandoned. We can only say that we hope, for the sake of the Government, the rumour is not correct.

The Kaiser's Fortune.

And, by the way, if as is popularly believed the Kaiser possesses a private fortune of some 20 millions, why not let the Allies take that on account of the Indemnity?

New Year's Honours.

The Leyton election has "put the lid on" at least three peerages which had been promised to certain members of the Government. The Prime Minister is not disposed to run any election risks just now.

Russia.

We implore the Government to reconsider its policy of "letting the Russian fire burn itself out." The Bolshevik flames may soon set all Europe alight. *Can't America help to put out the conflagration?*

An Invidious Distinction.

Surely some significance attaches to the fact that both during the riot at Kinmel Park and at Witley Camp, whilst the Y.M.C.A. huts were attacked and looted, those of the Salvation Army and the Church Army were left untouched. What is the explanation?

The "Chunnel."

Although, as we hinted last week, the general Press was somewhat premature in jumping to the conclusion that the construction of the Channel Tunnel is definitely agreed upon, it may be taken as certain that the French and British Governments are in practical accord respecting the scheme.

The Anniversary.

It was a weird coincidence which made the great Strike decision fall on the anniversary of the German break through of March 21st last year. That victory, however, was of a transient character—it was the dark before the dawn. On the other hand, the Strike would have meant the loss of the fruits of the war.

"Name!"

Government Departments have a silly habit of concealing names when issuing official Reports disclosing misconduct of individuals with whom they have had relations. An instructive example is before us in the Report on Inquiries and Appeals under the National Health Insurance Act—dishonest medical practitioners being indicated simply by initials. Let us know their names.

The Transport Bill.

The exposition and piloting of this measure, in the House of Commons, by Sir Eric Geddes—in face of a splendidly organised opposition—was a triumph for the doctrine of Business Government.

Beggaring the Soldier.

Isn't it about time, whilst everybody is getting something, that Service Pensions were brought up to a pre-war value—especially as the maximum amount which a Private at present gets—however long his service—is 1s. 5½d. a day?

Excess Profits Duty.

We hope we are not to gather from a reference to this source of income made by Mr. Bonar Law in dealing with the demands of the Miners, that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has after all decided to continue it. It is a direct tax on Labour—not Capital.

Flying Foolery.

We have frequently protested against the habit of certain of our airmen of indulging in fantastic stunts for the edification of their friends or the amusement of themselves—frequently involving loss of life, and a valuable machine. And now we observe they are at it again in Cologne. As "C.B." used to say—Stop this fooling!

The "Old Man."

Thus the *Victoria* (B.C.) *Daily Times*: "The soldier has looked across the sea, and he has looked in vain for a man in Canada like that old man Bottomley in England, who stands between the Tommy and the Government and publicly pleads his case." "Old Man" indeed! And we were only fifty-nine on Sunday! No flowers, by request.

A Great Achievement.

Apropos of that little incident the other day about the commandeering of our seat in the House by Mr. Hopkins, M.P. for S.E. St. Pancras, we observe that, speaking at a recent function in his constituency, the Hon. Member said: "If I had been a politician who had succeeded in getting a great measure passed, or a general who had won a big battle, I don't think I could have had a warmer reception in the smoking-room than when I appeared there as the man who had taken Mr. Bottomley's seat." 'Twas a famous victory!

"THE WHISKY WANGLE."
(See page 4.)

Thanks from the Dentists.

A large number of dental officers write, thanking us for our successful efforts on their behalf in obtaining them their gratuities and overdue bonuses. Don't mention it.

Returned Prisoners.

Now that we have had the victorious Guards parading London, why not a special reception to returned Prisoners of War—of course including those from Kut? How soon we forget our heroes!

The Paper Shortage.

Over thirty British paper mills have already closed down owing to the influx from abroad—mainly from pro-German Scandinavia. Come, Sir Albert Stanley, what about fostering home industries?

Bank Clerks and Easter.

We are asked to put in a plea that bank clerks may be given a holiday on Easter Saturday, and thus have an opportunity of visiting their friends and relatives out of town. We see no practical difficulty in granting this concession.

A Cynical Suggestion.

Apropos of our plea for the appointment of a Public Defender, a Birmingham reader suggests that when introducing the Bill we should draft a clause requiring the oath administered to witnesses to be taken also by counsel on both sides!

Repatriated Huns.

Should the Huns, when being sent back to their own country, be allowed to take with them such documents as Certificates of Discharge from British ships on which they were employed prior to internment? Such papers may be of sinister service to them in the future.

The Right of the Press.

Our congratulations to the *Daily Express*, not only on winning its Anzac-on-Sea libel case, but also incidentally establishing the right of a newspaper to "maintain" an action in the public interest—that is to say, to provide an aggrieved person with the means of securing his legal rights.

A Dilatory Paymaster.

The Government is the slowest paymaster in the world, and in many instances its dilatoriness involves much hardship. In the case of the commandeered hotels, for instance, we believe no payment has yet been made, with the result that many of the shareholders, deprived of their incomes, are placed in a position of sore distress. We will wager that official salaries are not in arrear!

The Shop Rent.

While Parliament is busy in protecting householders from grasping landlords (who, of course, protest their innocence), the small shopkeepers are wondering why they are left to the tender mercies or otherwise of the rent-raiser. It is certainly rough on a tradesman, who has built up a little business, to find himself faced with a demand for an increase of 30 per cent. on his annual rent.

The Reward of Valour.

Ralph Greathead, a Sunderland man, 26 years of age, is an ex-soldier. He has been both wounded and gassed. He was discharged without a pension. Since then he has found it impossible to get employment owing to his disabled condition. So, for fear that he should become a burden on his parents, he tried to commit suicide with spirit of salt. For this heinous offence a merciful Court discharged him without punishment. But nobody thought of putting the Pensions Committee in the dock.

Without a Ship.

Masters and officers of the Mercantile Marine served under the Admiralty on foreign-owned ships during the war. They carried their lives in their hands, for, more than half the time, the vessels were entirely without protection. Now that these ships have been released and are flying their own flags once again, those masters and officers are compulsorily thrown out of employment. There are hundreds of them cast adrift in this style, and it is scant recompense for wonderful work.

"The Song of the Shirt."

The wages paid by the Master Tailor, R.M. Depot (East Barracks), Deal, for Naval flannel vests are only 6s. 3d. per dozen for making up the garments, which are full men's size, and necessitate 10½ yards of stitching with cotton at 7½d. per reel of 400 yards. When it is remembered that the purchasing power of the pound sterling is now about 9s., the above scale of remuneration seems positively wicked, besides being an insult to the "Wives or Dependents, etc., etc., of men serving in the R.N. and R.M." who are invited to apply for the work.

Dutchers, Not Deutschers.

A Tunbridge Wells correspondent draws our attention to the advertisement in the *Kent and Sussex Courier* of a Dutch firm of basket manufacturers. "These wily Dutchmen," he says, "seem to understand where baskets are most useful, but what price our poor blind soldiers? What's the use of teaching them the basket trade if the Dutchman is going to dutch us by dumping his goods here?" If our blinded Tommies, and indeed our British blind generally, can fill the bill at a reasonable price for a living wage, Parliament must see that they are not let down.

Our Lovely Meat.

Now that the Meat Trust have grabbed the Colonies and the Argentine, we don't wonder that there is in this country 98,000 tons in storage. Ships have been delayed owing to all available cold storage being full up, there being in the Kingdom about double the quantity of frozen meat that was here at any time between 1900 and the opening of the war. And shares in meat companies, such as Nelson's, Eastman's and British and Argentine, have practically doubled in value, owing to the misguided efforts of alleged experts who act as Government buyers!

Commercials' Week-Ends.

Once more Major Gilbert Szlumper, for the Railway Executive Committee, declares that they "do not see their way to agree" to the re-introduction of privilege week-end tickets for commercial travellers. The subject, however, will "come up for review later in the year." Jam yesterday, jam to morrow, but never jam to-day!

Making Insurance Doubly Poor.

The National Insurance Audit Department, Leicester, advertised for a "shorthand-typist and general clerk; good education and ability essential." An applicant, with excellent testimonials—lately employed in the capacity named at a Recruiting Office, and with experience as a reporter, and possessing knowledge of book-keeping—asked for £2 12s. 6d. a week, and was refused on *that account*. And a man of *good education and ability* is necessary!

1s. lb. Marge.

Is there any reason whatever why anybody should have to pay 1s. lb. for marge? Some shops are foisting an alleged special shilling-quality on their customers, and depreciating their 10d. lb. stock for the purpose. It has always been understood that the materials and formula for the manufacture of margarine are, on Government regulation, to be the same in every case. If this is so, with bulk margarine at 9d. lb. and roll margarine at 10d., there is no excuse whatever for the price of 1s. It can only be explained by an impudent persistence in profiteering.

The Paths Apart.

The high-brows of the Port of London Authority have much disgusted one of our democratic readers. Recently a Memorial Service for members of the Authority staff fallen in the war was held at St. Paul's, "but care was taken to keep the separate staffs apart, even in the House of God, by issuing different coloured tickets." Which is all very sad. But is it really the idea that so tremendous a personage as the Right Hon. Lord Devonport, Chairman of the Authority, should pray on the next seat to his office boy?

Resigned.

A preacher in the Peterborough diocese alleges that when Dr. Carr Glynn resigned the See of Peterborough, he did so on condition that he received an annuity of £1,500, and that this amount is payable out of the salary of the present Bishop, Dr. Woods. It strikes a local commentator as amazing that Dr. Carr Glynn, member of a great banking firm, the son-in-law of a Duke, and an ecclesiastic who has enjoyed a large income, should need such an annuity. Perhaps Dr. Glynn doesn't really want it, and is merely collecting unpaid war bonus, to get even with the profiteers.

Land "Lords."

Now that the housing problem is becoming acute, the would-be profiteers in land are beginning to raise their ugly heads and rub their grasping hands. We read of land for the purpose of building houses under the scheme being offered to the Alfreton Urban District Council at a price equivalent to £1,200 per acre, at which rate a site measuring 20 yards by 20 yards would cost £100! How can small dwellings, letable at a low but economic rent, be erected on land priced so disgracefully high? It is such base greed on the part of the "Haves" that excites Bolshevistic sentiments in the bosoms of the "Have Nots."

Curiosities of Carmarthen.

In Carmarthen there is a wood distillation works the erection of which was begun by the Ministry of Munitions, and closed down after an expenditure of £16,000; and elsewhere in the county may be discovered on a farm 28 acres of unharvested potatoes, which were planted last year by "Conscientious Objects" under Government control, for the purpose of increasing the food supply. Pop goes the weasel!

Horace's Luck.

Horace Standen, of Woodbine, Coxheath, is a horse-knacker, and instead of selling the horseflesh only to be eaten by cats and dogs, he has—despite official warnings—been slaughtering and selling for human consumption. Notwithstanding the seriousness of these offences, Horace got off for a total fine of twenty-five shillings and five shillings costs. But we wonder what the people of Coxheath think of it!

Druidical Methods.

An old man at Manchester, until recently employed as a dock clerk, was taken ill, forced to leave work and lie up. On applying to the "Druids" for his sick benefit—he was a regular subscriber—he received the following intimation, per post-card: "I return your Record Cards. All Benefits cease at 70 years of age." But how comes it that since the assured attained his 70th birthday, on October 7th, 1918, subscriptions were accepted from him up till a few weeks ago? *R.S.V.P.*

Photos "N. G."

A photographer who, visiting military camps, draws money from soldiers, including Overseas men, and then fails to deliver the goods, is doing his best to give the Old Country a bad name. Herbert C. Durnford, The Victoria Studio, Swindon, took photos and drew the money at Bulford. To one sergeant he wrote, after making default, that the photos he took were "no good," and promising to come over and repair his own errors. That was as long ago as Nov. 1, but Bulford had not seen Mr. Durnford up to the time of writing.

"Nothing Like Leather."

The experience of another unfortunate victim of the shoddy business methods of the Colonial Army Boot Co. of Railton Road, Herne Hill: On the third day of wearing his 15s. boots "two large pieces of leather came away from the sole, wetting my feet." In reply to complaints the firm wrote: 'Had you returned them to us (unworn) we would have been quite willing to have exchanged them for others, or cash.'" They concluded by offering to exchange the boots for another pair on receipt of a further 6s.—an impertinent suggestion quite on a par with their cunning assertion regarding "unworn" pairs.

The Power of the Press.

There was recently a strike of 1,300 men at the R.A.F. Works, Milton, near Didcot. Guaranteed a working week of 48 hours, inclusive of travelling, the men found their time panned out at 63 hours inclusive—owing to the infrequency of trains between Reading and Milton—whilst they were paid for 39½ hours only. The Secretary of the Reading Branch of the National Union of General Workers, when laying the men's grievance before the Air Ministry, threatened that, unless the matter was settled, he would bring it to the attention of JOHN BULL. The matter has been settled—naturally.

Coal Contrasts.

One day in the middle of February a whole railway truck of coal was delivered to a palatial country seat near Lincoln. It was fetched from the station by three men with three horses and three carts, and they made two journeys each. About the same time, in that very city of Lincoln, a row of people, many with sickness at home, could be seen lined up in the station yard for a hundredweight or so. And several of them were sent empty away. Now, why should—but will the Fuel Overseer for Lincoln have the goodness to explain?

Bounties on Babies.

The proposed bounties on babies isn't every woman's idea of things. "How do you think the unmarried women feel?" enquires a Glasgow maiden. "It's disgraceful. It's trying to rush us into marriage to increase the population. It's enough to make us girls go abroad for escape. Almost every paper you lift has something about the welfare of children or increasing the birth-rate." But even if all the available men in the country got married to-day, there would still be thousands of women left over to cultivate virginity and elastic-side boots.

"On the Verge of Starvation."

So write two girls recently demobilised from the W.R.A.F. They had been refused unemployment pay, being given instead two addresses at which to apply for housework. This they are prevented from taking owing to the fact that they have no decent clothes to wear. "For just on six months we had no uniform, and we ruined our own clothes working without overalls on an oil tank." They conclude their letter with the pathetic sentence: "Unless something can be done for us, we will have to go into the workhouse, and we are trying so hard to keep ourselves respectable." Unfortunately, many other W.R.A.F.s are in the same plight. Who should hang?

A Ridiculous Rule.

A poor woman, with three children, whose husband was killed at Ypres in December, 1915, equipped herself for a commercial career by taking a course in shorthand and typewriting. She obtained a clerkship in a Food Control Office, but now her services have been dispensed with. Neither shorthand nor typewriting had been required of her at the Food Control Office, so she decided to go back to the Commercial School for a month or so, to touch up these subjects. On mentioning the matter to the Labour Exchange Officials, she was informed that "she must not go in for any sort of training while drawing the Out-of-work Donation, and that *if she does so the payments will cease.*"

Seven Years for a Truant.

Whether Alfred Pearce's boy was sent to Whitstable Industrial School at the wish of his mother or by Order of a Court does not count. The point is that, as Mr. Biron, the Magistrate, said, this boy of nine has been sent to prison for seven years for not going to school. Neither the State nor the parent has the right to inflict this monstrous penalty for so light an offence, and the Home Secretary ought to intervene without delay.

Keeping Him Down.

A soldier, formerly in the paper trade, after 4½ years' service decided to start in business for himself. But he reckoned without the Paper Controller, who seems to have decided otherwise. So far, the man cannot begin to trade simply because he is refused a licence to buy the paper he needs. At the same time he is told that, had he remained in the employ of his old firm, something might have been done to assist him. A scurvy reward for good service!

Our Free Fire Insurance Scheme.
WHY PAY PREMIUMS?
For Registration Forms, see page 16.

An Inhuman Assault.

A blinded hero from St. Dunstan's, pausing at the corner of a street to let the traffic pass, was accosted by a stranger who offered to see him across the road. The sightless man, who was carrying a parcel, thankfully accepted, and the two men walked some distance together. Suddenly the "good Samaritan" struck the helpless man under the jaw, knocking him senseless, and made off with the parcel. It seems incredible, but we are assured the facts are as stated. We know one or two people who would like to meet the blackguard.

Ghastly Guardians.

There is a pretty trio on the Berwick Board of Guardians. Their names are Turnbull, Wood, and Carr. The Board's boilerman, having served in France and been severely wounded, asked to be re-instated and for his wages to be reconsidered. Alderman Turnbull moved that the vacancy be not filled at the present time, because the work was being done by an inmate, a pauper, "fairly well." Mr. Wood seconded this scandalous motion, saying that they, the Guardians, "could not allow themselves to be swayed by sympathetic motives or philanthropic inclinations," and Mr. Carr crowned the discreditable comedy by declaring that there were "any amount of unemployed men to be had on applying to the Labour Exchange." This type of Guardian is a blot on Berwick.

Pits and Baths.

One of the witnesses before the Coal Commission was asked whether, if baths for miners were established at the pit head, the men would use them. He wasn't making a book on it. Now to us from Glyn Neath comes the voice of a miner's wife. She says that if the men have baths at the pit head they may catch cold going home. "If only they would put baths in the houses and be compelled to use them as such, I am sure many women would much prefer them than having to carry heavy tubs and baths about." No doubt. But surely the lady does not suggest that they might be used as dog kennels or soup tureens?

The Waac's Mite.

The "Waacs" are still being scandalously treated. One was discharged because she was under age and ill. Instead of providing any treatment, they owed her money. At home and unable to work, she applied for two sums due, and managed to secure one of them. The other amount—only 4s. 9d., but a lot to a girl with nothing—is still owing. The very latest news (official, as it is from the Deputy Controller at Nottingham) concerning it is that "it will probably be some time before she gets it," because she was discharged in June, 1918. To the ordinary person, not an official, the fact that it has been so long overdue would be a reason for prompt payment, and not for more delay.

A Close Corporation.

Notwithstanding that the Imperial Merchant Service Guild is patronised by the nobility and gentry, there has arisen among many certificated officers of the Merchant Service a strong feeling that it does not adequately fulfil its functions. Briefly, it is alleged that the rules of the Guild are arbitrary and out-of-date. A part of Rule 4 is most objectionable. "All nominations for the Management Committee," it is declared, "shall be subjected to scrutiny by the existing Management Committee, who shall have power to reject any nominations they may consider unsuitable." This is certainly a tall order. It makes the Management Committee an exclusive clique, in a position to turn down the nomination of any member for any reason not acceptable to them, no matter what a man's merit or however representative his policy. No wonder a number of officers have taken steps to form a democratic Mercantile Marine Officers' Trade Union.

Do It Now.

If you want to win the £1,000 offered for the best "Bullet" this week, send in your coupon without delay.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

No pleasure to the hateful Hun so great
As contemplating our distracted state.

While Wilson, head in clouds, sublimely sits,
Lloyd George and Co. seem to have lost their wits!

John Bull will not forever be debarred
From marching to his well-deserved reward.

While there is said to be a dearth of workers!
Thanks to State doles, there's no end to the shirkers.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Secretary of State for War.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—Recently I addressed you on the subject of the undemobilised doctors and the urgent need, in view of the immense amount of sickness at home, of releasing them for civil practice. Your prompt action has met with general praise and it is good to know that the thousands of sufferers have now some chance of proper medical care. Will you add to your laurels by seeing that that dilatory department known as A.M.D.1, takes immediate measures to release more trained nurses? There are 20,000 in the Army, and in spite of four months of armistice, something like 200 only have been demobilised. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. W. and G. Buszard, Ltd., Confectioners, Oxford Street, W.

GENTLEMEN,—I do not think I shall be a customer for salad oil at your shop; not if I need it for salads. For cleaning fireirons, or easing the lawn mower, or lighting the way to bed, or restoring missing hair it is probably grade 1. To be candid, I never did like paraffin for salads, whatever tint it is re-coloured or by whatever process it has been refined. I do not, of course, lose sight of the fact that, according to your letter to the Marlborough Street Magistrate, the paraffin was bottled as salad oil owing to the mistake of an employee. What you didn't explain is how you came by the paraffin. At £20 you got off cheap JOHN BULL.

To Ernest Wood, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Urban District Council, East Grinstead.

SIR,—After being fined once, for Food Control offences, you grossly falsified your returns as to sales of meat, and killed calves in contravention of the Order. You are the last man who, for the benefit of your own pocket, should commit such offences as those for which you have now been convicted and fined £115—offences which were aggravated by your want of straightforwardness. I shall not linger longer on your corns, but—get off the Bench! JOHN BULL.

To the Deputy Director, Royal Army Clothing Department, Pimlico.

DEAR "D.D.,"—How about those "civy" suits you are making for my friend the demobilised soldier? What's the hitch in delivering the goods? One man writes me that he has been waiting two months for his clothes, and that "the whole business seems more like the dealings of a 'shady' firm than of a Government Department." Do get a move on.
JOHN BULL.

To Provost Duncan, Helensburgh.

WORSHIPFUL AND SUPERIOR SIR,—Your scheme to build houses for the working-classes tickles me rather. Helensburgh is "not to be the least bit behind other towns" in its efforts, but it is going to retain its exclusiveness—and its snobbishness. The new houses for workers "would have to be proceeded with very cautiously," so as to "safeguard the interests" of the smug burgesses and gentry who already decorate that favoured spot. You do not want to attract "crowds of workers" by building for them. So I should guess. It seems to me you want to build houses (when you do build) calculated to keep them miles away from your own doorsteps. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Murphy, Member of Board of Guardians, Lisburn, near Belfast.

MY DEAR DOC.,—I have followed with heated blood the discussion at a recent meeting of the Guardians concerning the refusal of Mr. Scott, a teetotaling member of the Finance Committee, to sign a requisition for whisky in a case of double pneumonia. "Disgraceful and intolerable" was your description of this scandalous pumpuritanism. "I wouldn't sign a requisition for whisky neither for Dr. Murphy nor for any man in Christendom," declared this bigoted crank. But how comes it that there was no other member of the Finance Committee present to do what they must know their colleague in any emergency of life or death would refuse to do? JOHN BULL.

To A. Ward, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Old Radford Adult School, Nottingham.

DEAR SIR,—So nice and polite of you to advertise in the *Nottingham Evening Post* of March 14th that unless persons who kindly lent furniture for a Home for Belgian Refugees remove the stuff by March 22nd, it would be sold. Your courteous ways, and the gracious consideration shown in the length of time allowed, ought to get you lots of help. JOHN BULL.

To Herbert Tattersall, Birch House Farm, Little Norton, Derbyshire.

SIR,—Tattersall's is a place for selling horses, not for selling a pup. You are too lucky for words. Since May, 1916, you have been convicted ten times for milking the iron cow, and now, when you are up again for watering milk, and also for refusing to sell a sample to an Inspector, you get let off with a fine. The Chairman said the Bench had thought seriously of sending you to prison. Why on earth didn't they do it? And the name of your farm suggests another fitting punishment. JOHN BULL.

To Samuel Jeffers, Florida Street, Belfast.

SIR,—Whilst congratulating you on the recovery of your lost brooch, I cannot commend you for honesty or, indeed, common decency. Advertising a reward of £10 for the lucky finder, you promptly gave the claimant—an elderly man—in charge, presumably because he asked for the reward before producing the brooch. At the Court, you confessed that you "had no intention of paying a reward of £10 for the recovery of the brooch. It was merely a bait, and you only intended to part with £1." It is gratifying to learn that the Magistrate directed that at least the smaller reward should be handed over to the finder, and that he was given the benefit of the Probation of Offenders' Act. But that doesn't absolve you of a dirty trick. JOHN BULL.

THE WHISKY WANGLE.

TRUTH ABOUT THAT TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

When, a few weeks ago, the Food Controller made a solemn affidavit to release 25 per cent. more whisky, he was grinning up his sleeve and pulling our legs. See how the wangle has worked. From James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., Feb. 27th:—"Your average with us is so small that the further increase just announced makes no workable difference." From Moore, Vicars and Co., Feb. 27th:—"The extra quantity allowed to be released by the Government is 10 per cent. of the existing authorities which expire on 31st March. This would entitle you to five-tenths of a proof gallon, which we regret we are not allowed to send out under our licence." From Dunville, Ltd., Feb. 28th:—"We regret that your average for 6 months, ending 31st March, is under 14 gallons, which you will see does not allow of one dozen being sent." From William Green and Co., Ltd., Feb. 27th:—"You are entitled to a further 10 per cent. on your average for the current six months up to 31st March, and as this 10 per cent amounts to only eight gallons we regret——." And so the merry tale goes on. In district after district, we find public houses closed. The off-licences are selling their rations at enhanced prices to publicans; certain publicans without scruple are watering whisky till it is tasteless and faking it with methylated spirit. Men and women who never went into public houses before, are being driven there for any stimulant available, however vile. People with sickness in the house cannot obtain a drop of spirits in emergency, even on doctors' certificates. From beginning to end the whole business is a crying scandal.

THE CAT AND THE SAUSAGE

OFFICIAL INQUEST ON A DELECTABLE DELUSION.

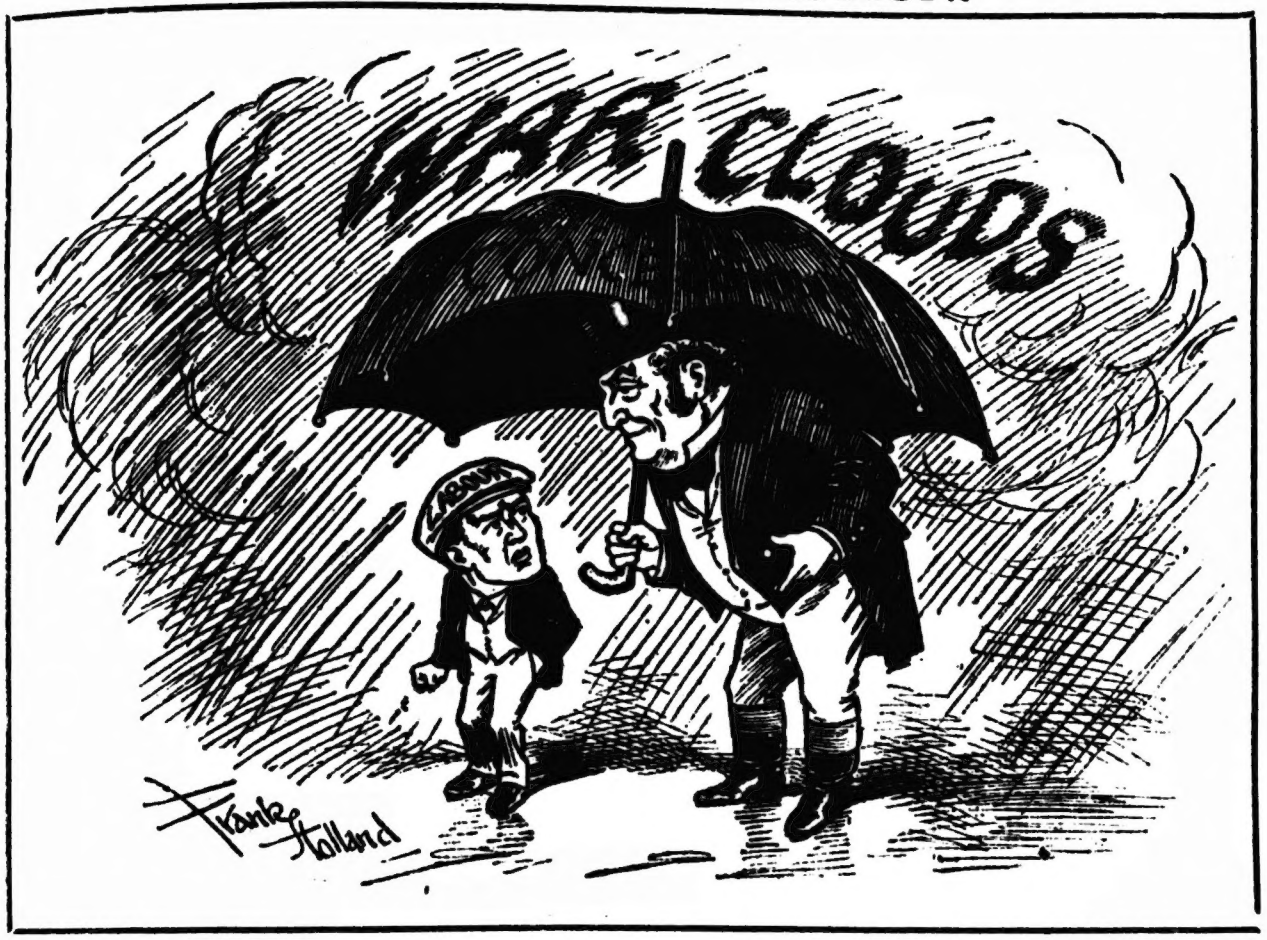
Hats off to the Minister of Food. He is now about to hold an inquest on the sausage. One of the classic humorists has said that all that is necessary for the appreciation of a sausage is confidence. Even in pre-war days it was in most cases not only a mystery but a delusion. You bought it as a miniature Zeppelin of pork or beef, but when you got it home and it began to jump on the grid there was always the question whether it wasn't the loser you had backed, the cat you had shot among your rhododendrons, or the pom. you had lost under the tramway car. When the submarines got busy during the war, the Food Control started grading sausage with the delicate scrupulosity of a Medical Board practising on a likely or unlikely recruit. No sausage was passed grade one for general service unless it contained 67 per cent. of pork or beef; grade two was pronounced fit for garrison duty at home if it consisted of 50 per cent. of pork or beef; grade three was a wash-out, free of coupon. All these regulations notwithstanding, the sausage remained a mystery. But the Food Minister has discovered a scientific test for every grade, so that if you pay an A1 price you may be assured of an A1 sausage. How he intends to carry it out is not officially explained. For all we know he may have inaugurated a new Ministry of Sausage, whose duty it will be to inspect, weigh, smell, analyse and taste a bit of every sausage issued to the British public, and issue a certificate of good health, quality and flavour with the same. With all our good wishes, he can get along with the official tests. We are eating no sausage till our cat comes home.

REWARD OF VALOUR.

MAJOR'S PROSPECTS IN AN UNCIVIL SERVICE.

What a Major may come to if he is not careful is well illustrated by the experience of one who joined the ranks in August, 1914, and served in Gallipoli and France (where he won the M.C.), and in Palestine, ultimately gaining a Majority. "Before the war," he informs us, "I was one of those unhappy and misguided individuals who, after passing a pretty stiff competitive examination, became a second-division clerk in the Civil Service." The National Insurance Audit Department has remembered that fact. The Chief Auditor says he "is prepared to consider applications from second-division clerks to the intermediate grade as Assistant Auditors. The pay is £100, and £120 after two years' probation; thence by £10 a year to £200, and then by £15 to £350." The Government would not offer such terms to Mike with a hod—not while he has a trade union to protect him. "It will be seen," comments the Major, "that I am invited to go back to the prospect (after the necessary lengthy probation) of earning the princely salary of £100 per annum, and if I were very industrious, it would appear (my present age being 25) that I might reach the maximum of £350 at the age of 45. As a career for a man with four years' commissioned service in the Army, I consider the above is a mean and measly proposition." And he is right. A Government which is still chucking away millions with a merry irresponsibility that is positively staggering might at least be prodigal enough to offer—when they do offer—high-rank soldiers with such a record a job which promises a decently-paid career.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.



THE LABOUR LAD: "I want a place in the sun!"
JOHN BULL: "Of course you do, and you shall have it if you'll 'wait till the clouds roll by.' Meanwhile, why not take shelter under my umbrella?"

ASKING FOR TROUBLE!

IDLE RUSSIANS KEPT BY BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

If a visitor to Wallsend-on-Tyne asks the way to "Simpson's" he will be directed to a working-class hotel taken over by the Admiralty during the war and used as a hostel for munition workers. Arrived at Simpson's, the stranger may well rub his eyes and wonder whether he is dreaming; for, strange to relate, this quiet little hostelry is full of Russians—as many as 50 or 60 of them, all dressed up and nowhere to go. Nobody in Wallsend seems to know what the Russians are doing in the town, although it is evident that they are well supplied with funds, their patronage of the local theatres, music-halls and public-houses being a good deal resented by British workmen in the district. As far as we can discover, about 80 Russians arrived at Wallsend last September in charge of an ice-breaking vessel which had put in for repairs, the whole company being boarded by the Admiralty at Simpson's Hotel. However, in the course of a week or two the ice-breaker was made seaworthy, and sold to the French Government; but only about twenty of the Russians left the Tyne with the repaired vessel. It would almost seem that the Admiralty authorities had forgotten the existence of their Russian guests, on whose behalf it appears they are paying £2 2s. weekly for board and lodging, besides wages of from £16 to £30 a month. All day long the aliens lounge in the hostel and its precincts, wearing out their best clothes, monopolising the billiard-tables, making love to any girls who will look at them, and having a glorious time generally. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Russians should have soon worn out their welcome; we understand that their company is by no means appreciated by the regular boarders at the hostel, who, having to work hard for their wages, are at a loss to imagine why the Government should pay foreigners for loafing. Perhaps someone in authority will be good enough to explain. Our own view is that for more than one good reason idle Russians are best at home.

ROUND AND ROUND AGAIN.

WASTEFUL DUPLICATION OF OFFICIAL LIMPETS.

No signs or tokens are about us at present that the thousands of officials of the Ministry of Food are preparing to quit. They may be praying for light, but they are certainly not packing their boxes. In the Live Stock and Frozen Meat Departments, for instance, about half the men could say farewell to all their greatness, but they still buzz round and round and round with assiduous energy. The position of things in No. 11, Sussex Area, is typical of that duplication of officials which appears to have arisen, not so much out of practical and proved necessity, as out of the benevolent desire of every official to have below him or about him at least one other official to assist him in his arduous labours, or to record his infallible judgment. In this area the officials consist of the Live Stock Commissioner, who draws £800 a year and expenses—probably not less than £1,400 or £1,500 a year altogether; the Chairman of Auctioneers, £500 and expenses; the Deputy Chairman of Auctioneers, who lives on commission; the Supervisor of Grading, £400 a year and expenses; the Deputy Meat Agent, at £350 a year and expenses, subordinate to an Area Meat Agent at £600 a year. In addition, there is a Grading Committee represented by a farmer and a butcher. It is a sheer waste to duplicate officials for live stock and refrigerated meat; the Deputy Chairman of Auctioneers, the Deputy Meat Agent, and the two Graders would suffice in almost any market for the business to be done. The Live Stock Commissioner, the official most ornamental, is probably the most superfluous of all. You don't want half-a-dozen or more functionaries to dance attendance on one beast sold for slaughter, and this is what has happened in Sussex. And the waste of public money by the duplication of live stock and frozen meat officials is not confined to Area 11. In nearly every area there is a similar superfluity of official salaries, and this is saying nothing whatever of the heavy expenses at the Headquarters Office. Why all this thusness?

JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE "TITANIC" FUND.

What are they doing with all the money subscribed by the public for the *Titanic* widows? There has been absolutely no increase in the pension since the war began; in fact, in many cases there has been a decrease—as, for instance, when a widow's child reaches the age of 14, and, presumably, can earn a few shillings. An original pension of £1 0s. 6d. a week is now worth about 7s. 6d. Is that a just and generous pension, considering the huge amount that was subscribed? Many of the widows are being compelled to sell up their homes to pay their way. There can be no plea of poverty on the part of the Trustees, for a sum of at least £10 was recently donated by them to the Jellicoe Home—a worthy object, but it is better to be just to the widows to whom the Fund belongs than to be generous with other people's money. To put the lid on it, there is a rumour now that the pensions are not to last the lifetime of the widows. What's the game? And what percentage of the Fund goes in "expenses"?

"POOR TAXPAYER!"

MORE ABOUT BARNSTAPLE'S STONY SHIP.

We have told the hilarious tale of the attempted launching of Barnstaple's first ferro-concrete ship—built, at a cost of not less than £20,000, in the new shipyard, by the British Construction Company, under Admiralty orders. It was not a launch, but a fiasco, the new vessel ultimately breaking her back and becoming a total wreck. Well, the other Tuesday was reckoned an ideal day for launching the second stone boat—a 1,000-ton barge—for it was the highest tide of the year in the River Taw. Heroic efforts were made to clear away the old wreck, but Tuesday came and went, and the barge budged not. The launch had been abandoned. The reason is assumed to be that no Insurance Company would cover the risks of the launch, and good judges on the spot are not inclined to blame them. Meanwhile, the British Construction Company has other vessels on the stocks, and intends still to carry on—so long, perhaps, as the taxpayer will foot the bill. It remains to be seen how long it will be before the Admiralty realises the situation and concludes to cut its loss.

THE PARAVANE.

WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR?

Lieutenant Dennis Burnley, R.N., is officially credited with the invention of the Paravane, the first of which ingenious contrivances being fitted on H.M.S. *Mclampus* in November, 1915, and it is no purpose of ours to dispute his claim. At the same time, we should very much like to know the precise date when he brought his invention to the notice of the Admiralty; because a Mr. Charles Law, a Chief Engineer in the Merchant Service, has proved to our satisfaction that he submitted an identical idea to the Board of Inventions in January 1915—ten months before the first Paravane was fitted to the *Mclampus*. Two months later, in long-delayed response to his repeated inquiries, in a letter dated 8th March, 1915, the Admiralty wrote informing him that his proposals were not novel at the time he put them forward. If Lieut. Burnley's idea was submitted to the Admiralty prior to January, 1915, Mr. Law cannot, of course, claim precedence in the invention. But we certainly think he has a right to know to what extent Lieut. Burnley anticipated him. What *we* are keen on knowing is the reason why, on their own admission, it took the Admiralty nearly twelve months to fix the first paravane—*twelve months*, during which time 2,000,000 tons of shipping was sunk through enemy action?

THE VICAR AND THE BISHOP

AND THE SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BOYS.

A QUARREL between a Bishop and one of his clergy is never edifying. Christians are supposed to love one another, though like the belief that birds in their little nests agree, it is often a fiction. But what makes the trouble between the Bishop of Salisbury—"F. E. Sarum" to correspondents—and the Rev. Dr. Lloyd Evans of some public interest is that it is in part the result of the protests of the Vicar of Milborne St. Andrew against the treatment of the boys connected with the Dorset Farm School, in his parish. We have had something to say in the past about Industrial Schools—there was the notorious case of the Akbar Reformatory—and we long since came to the conclusion that under the existing system there is too much risk that the boys will not be properly treated, though there is inspection of a kind of these places, where lads are sent often because they have committed no greater offence than being found in the possession of high spirits.

This you will note is a Farm School which means that the unhappy lads are let out to farmers on money terms. The lads toil all day and get nothing; the wage such as it is goes to the Institution. But in the case of the Dorset school it means something more. Some of these boys are skin and bone—ask the good body who laid one of them out for burial. They are sent to work in the fields on a breakfast of bread and milk and water; if the farmer chooses to give them a meal well and good, if he doesn't they go hungry—the Home dinner often consists of bread and cheese. But they work all the same. Oh! yes, these poor lads are veritable slaves of the land, and they grow restive in their chains. Is it any wonder that they try to escape their bondage? And if they do and are caught, a ducking in the hog wash may be their fate. There is something worse still. Working on a half empty stomach means debility and suffering for a growing lad; "lessons" at the end of a long day's labour is mental torture. What a strange people we are! We spend money—much money—on scientific inquiries as to the amount and kind of education an ordinary child needs and can receive, and yet in such a place as Milborne St. Andrew we find these unhappy, underfed lads sitting down to their lessons late in the afternoon, after a heavy day's work. And let us emphasise the point that the work is done on insufficient food—while the poor little brains are taxed, when the body is toil-weary. Work, school and bed, something like a fourteen hours day—and that for growing lads! Talk about a six-hours' day for miners. These boys of the Farm School would think themselves in Heaven with ten hours' toil.

Now, someone is directly responsible for this state of things, but when efforts are put forth to expose the scandal every attempt is made to silence or to burke criticism. And that brings us to the Bishop and the Vicar. After all, while the Home is in Dr. Evans' parish it is also in the Bishop of Salisbury's diocese; and however much priest and prelate may differ on the methods, the proper care and education of these unhappy lads should be a "first charge" on episcopal consideration. But while there are abundant grounds for dissatisfaction with the working of the Farm School—and with the gross inadequacy of the school as a home for lads—the Bishop, because he does not love his curate, is determined not to hate the school. When the Vicar directed the attention of the Bishop to the state of things—"neglecting, starving and otherwise ill-treating the boys," to quote F. E. Sarum's own summary—his lordship's attitude was openly hostile. In the course of a correspondence more curt than Christian, the Vicar was strongly recommended "to leave the Home Office alone unless you desire to court a possibly sharp rebuff. I happen to know their opinion of the Institution in question, for which the Home Office is officially responsible in all departments and which it regularly inspects," and so forth.

It is true the Home Office is responsible, and we happen to know what it thought of the Farm School for the period from 1902 to 1911—since when no reports are available. Can it be wondered that in the year first mentioned the "standard of education" was so disappointing that the full grant was "in jeopardy" or that later there was a protest that the Managers were not doing their best by the boys? "Behind the best of such schools in enterprise and efficiency; manual instruction in abeyance—great care will be needed to prevent the school growing less effective than in the past" (this in 1908); "no teeth inspection" (this in 1909, after special censure on this head in 1905); "tooth brushes are to be introduced as soon as possible" (1911), and "several improvements are necessary to bring the buildings up to modern requirements."

We make the Bishop a present of these extracts from the Home Office reports, and we call upon the Home Secretary to institute an immediate and special Inquiry into the School—into the discipline, the accommodation, the disgustingly inadequate sanitary arrangements, and the treatment of the boys. Let the Bishop and the Vicar quarrel as they may, but if the boys suffer as a consequence of these clerical squabblings—unlovely at any time—then it is time to bring "Sarum" to his senses and the Dorset County Council, who are directly concerned, to a realisation of their duty. In our opinion, the whole system of the Industrial School calls for radical reform. To treat small lads as if they were criminals, or worse, is repulsive to human feelings.

IN THE HOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S WEEK'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

LAST week was rather quiet, although I was instrumental in directing attention to several matters of importance. During the current week, however, I expect to be much busier, and shall hope to have some good results to report in our next issue.

As I anticipated, I found by further enquiry from Mr. Bonar Law that nothing is yet definitely settled in regard to the construction of the Channel Tunnel, although, as intimated on another page, I entertain little doubt that the project has now come within the realm of "practical politics," and I shall continue to follow the matter up.

I made another effort to secure publication of the evidence taken at the Inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*, knowing how widespread is the desire of the public to learn the truth about Lord Kitchener's death. The Government, however, stands upon the established practice of not publishing the proceedings of private Inquiries. I have, however, had a conversation with the Admiralty, who have promised me, through Dr. Macnamara, to give at an early date the official reason for the practice I have indicated.

Another matter which I know much occupies the public mind is as to what steps are taken to trace "missing" men in France. I elicited the information that there are at present 64,800 of such persons, but that now the whole war area is open, active steps are being taken by the units of the Director General of Graves Registration and Enquiries and that a systematic search of the various battlefields is also in progress. In addition to this, wounded in hospital are examined by the Red Cross Society, and all information given is at once followed up. It will be noticed, however, that the War Office does not say anything as to men reported "missing" who may possibly be alive and concealed in various parts of Germany, and I intend to draw attention to this aspect of the case.

As the result of many complaints made to me by men in the Army of Occupation, I raised the question of the fluctuating value of the mark in Germany, and am assured that an official rate of exchange is now fixed every month, under instructions from the Treasury, to govern the issues of pay to the troops in Germany.

I have also secured a promise from the Secretary for War to furnish me with a return of the names of all officers and ex-officers now working at Chepstow, giving the nature of their present employment and of their former employment when in civil life. The return should be illuminating. An immense amount of money is being wasted in these so-called National Shipyards, and according to my information any number of inexperienced civilians are taking fat salaries for doing jobs for which they are clearly incompetent.

By the time this issue is in the hands of the public, we shall have had the official announcement of the composition and terms of reference of the Committee I secured to inquire into the whole subject of Courts-Martial, and I shall deal further with the matter next week, only now adding that the greatest interest in the Inquiry is being taken by all ranks of the Army. From the many letters I receive I know that there is much feeling on the subject and I am looking forward to seeing real reforms effected.

I followed very closely the statement of Sir Eric Geddes in introducing the Transport Bill, and although I saw no objection to giving the measure a second reading, I am disposed to agree that it puts rather too much power into the hands of one Minister. I shall, therefore, watch the Bill closely in its various Committee stages.

So far, I have not been successful in securing a date in the Ballot for the introduction of a private Bill or Motion, but I hope that my number will come up before long, and I need scarcely say I have plenty of matters in stock.

We are, of course, all anxiously awaiting the return of the Prime Minister, with the preliminary Peace Treaty—which is to be "laid on the Table" for "ratification." As will be gathered from a paragraph on another page, there is an ugly rumour that, after all, the demand for an Indemnity to cover the cost of the war is to be abandoned. If such should prove to be the case, I shall certainly carry out the threat I made during the debate on the Address, and ask the House to withhold its assent to the Treaty. It is, however, difficult to believe that the Government could for one moment entertain the idea of betraying the country on this vital point, after its solemn pledges at the General Election. There were three definite promises: Indemnities, Punishment of the Kaiser, and Clearing out the Hun. There is an ugly suspicion abroad that the Government are playing false to those pledges; and recent quibblings in the House have only helped to strengthen that impression. Of this I am certain, that if Ministers try to break faith there will be for them a rude awakening.

Another matter which is engaging my very earnest attention is that of the forthcoming Budget. In the old days I was in the habit of criticising the proposals of our Chancellors of the Exchequer, and I hope to be of some assistance in indicating various sources of revenue at present untapped. Income Tax, Whisky and Beer have surely been done to death.

DON'T YOU GO!

ENGLISH SOLDIERS AND AUSTRALIAN LURE.

On the outside wall of Australia House in the Strand there is a cinema screen on which every evening from four till seven most enticing views are shown. They are views of God's Own Country, Australia. And they are designed to persuade British soldiers that it would be oh! so nice to emigrate. They are also meant to stimulate Anglo-Australian trade. A very excellent object! But not, if you please, at the expense of British soldiers! We have constantly proved that the lot of any girl who goes to Australia from the homeland will be a hard one. Well, things are no better for the men. In fact, there is by no means enough work even for such Australian soldiers as have gone home. We never thought it a fit reward of men who had fought for Britain to send them to the Antipodes. But what can we think of men who want to send them to starvation?

HEIGHT OF AMBITION.

THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Why be short—physically, we mean? It pays to be tall, and it is so simple. You merely require three half-crowns, a stout walking-stick and a little perseverance. The three half-crowns are for Mr. T. Ross, of 25, Victoria Road, Scarborough; the walking-stick and the perseverance are for yourself, and it is well to retain both as long as possible—particularly the perseverance. The beauty of the Ross System is that it "never fails." A little exercise, a little concentration, a lot of sleep, no tobacco, and plenty of fresh air—*et voilà*, you are independent of Nature and begin to sprout like Alice in Wonderland! Of course you must do the thing properly. And, when in the open, you must "walk briskly and uprightly, and *feel that you are growing taller.*" Further, we have the assurance of the advertiser himself that, "The Ross System has increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins." We are going to bed very early to-night, and to-morrow we are going to walk to the office, briskly and uprightly, repeating to ourselves, "We feel we are growing taller. We feel we are growing taller."

COLOURED BRITISH SAILORS.

A BOYCOTT THAT DISGRACES THE UNION.

We make no apology for returning to the subject of the boycott of coloured seamen, British-born subjects, in Glasgow. The apology is due from the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union which took the disgraceful step of refusing to allow them—although members—to serve on British ships. The only shadow of an excuse is the shallow pretence that the places the coloured men would take are to be reserved for discharged soldiers. That is sheer bunkum. One poor fellow has died as the result of privations, and of "sleeping out," for he had no money and no bed. Yet he was a Briton who had defied the Hun and his devilries for the sake of Britain. There are 132 of these ill-treated fellows in Glasgow, most of them without a square meal any and every day. Their appeal to the Lord Provost has been calmly ignored. They are modest enough to say—"First place for white Britishers; after them, coloured Britishers." Yet they are ordered to "clear out" from ships at Glasgow, while they see Norwegians, Swedes, and Spaniards taken on. It is wickedly unjust to prefer the neutral—not always "friendly"—to men born under our own flag. Glasgow forgets that the West Indies welcomed Scotsmen years ago, when the Islands were first populated by our race. In Barbadoes there is a region called "Scotland," a compliment to Scots who settled there. Glasgow's thanks is to order West Indies men to starve. It is iniquitous, and public opinion must see to it that these coloured men of ours are not denied the right to work

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EXTRA LARGE
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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
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The HIGHEST QUALITY
and the
BIGGEST VALUE

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(Green Band)

Black Cat (Medium) 10 for 4½d.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. JACK JONES, M.P.

'Mornin', sir, Wot kin I 'ave . . . Eh? *Not so much of the "sir"? Sounds servile* does it? A barber wot don't say "sir" to 'is patients ain't a barber at all, in the true sense, mate. If I was fool enough to place meself in the 'ands of a professional colleague I should expect the blighter to say "sir" to me w'ile 'e was operatin'. That's about all there's in it, mate. . . . . Eh? *Not so much o' the "mate"?* Wot's up now? I tell yer straight, I kin do without *yore* custom . . . Oh, I carn't? W'y not? *Becos I'm bound to 'ave you in the barber's chair, sooner or later, in the h'interests of readers of J——.* 'Ere, I know 'oo you are: your Jack Jones, Hem P. for Silvertown! Shake! You'll liven up the ole Gas 'Ouse, I fancy. In fack, you've done a bit thet way already. But let me give yer a word or two of friendly advice. Go slow. If you want to make an impression of a useful kind it won't be no good you adoptin' Tower 'Ill methods an' manners. Victor Grayson tried thet stunt, and 'e soon got fired. You're up against a different sort of intelligence in the 'Ouse o' Commons then wot you are on Tower 'Ill. It won't do you no good a-roarin' like the Bull o' Bashan or cheekin' the Speaker. There's a code o' manners peculiar to the 'Ouse wot each Member must conform to if 'e wants to do any useful work there. O'corse, you'll learn that in time. W'en you shouted to Mister Speaker "Don't you take too much power, guv'ner!" you was really only tryin' to teach yore gran'mother 'ow to suck eggs. Mister Speaker knows 'ow much power 'e's got, and that's on'y jest as much as the Members 'ave give 'im in their own interest and for their own protection in the parst. And then t'other day, w'en Boner Lore was sayin' thet if it came to a strike wot would amount to an attack by a section on the 'ole o' the community, "the Guv'ment would use all the resources o' the State without the smallest hesitation," you was silly to say "We might talk jest as big," becos thet was tryin' to make out as the Labour leaders was equal to the Guv'ment . . . *You carn't stick bein' threatened?* Thet wasn't no threat, mate. It was jest a gentle warnin' and a gentle reminder that there's other sections o' the community, sich as the pore middle class, wot 'as to be considered by the State, besides the manual workers. But I fancy you'll soon know the ropes all right, and I shouldn't be surprised if you become one o' the most useful and respected Members o' the 'Ouse o' Commons before long. . . . . Goo' day—an' goo' luck, *mate!*

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

The Bachelor Tax.

When told that a tax on single bliss
Was seriously contemplated,
I cast about me for a miss,
Intending forthwith to get mated;
I called on Jane and urged my suit:
I left her, filled with consternation!
Her curt reply had been: "You brute!
You want me—*to evade taxation!*"

I hoped from Mary better things,
So lost no time 'ere calling on her:
Said she: "May I enquire what brings
You here—to what I owe the honour?"
"Be mine!" I cried. She dropped a tear;
"I will!" said she, "the motion's carried:
That's if you'll give me every year
The cash you save through being married!"

"The Hidden Hand" Film can be seen this week at Leiston, Picture House: Gosport, Olympia: Chorley, Pavilion Cinema; Holyhead, The Hippodrome; Buratisland, The Cinema; Glasgow, Wellington Picture Palace; and next week at Kirkcaldy, People's Mirror; Eastleigh Picture Palace: Southampton, Picture Palace, East Street.

SMILLIE'S SMEL

Red Flag or Union Jack?—The Gov

By THE

I PROPOSE this week to give the Peace Conference a miss, but I anticipate that ere our next issue the curtain will have been lifted upon the concert now being finally rehearsed in Paris. At the moment of writing it would appear that everything and everybody is ready with the exception of one "number," entitled "The League of Nations," in the rendering of which the two principal performers, Messrs. Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, cannot get into tune. To drop metaphor, we are told in the papers that our Prime Minister and the President are in constant personal consultation, and there can be no doubt that, whatever the ultimate outcome of pending negotiations, there has been a serious hitch in the preparation of the Peace Treaty since the return of the American President to Paris. My readers will doubtless recall the fact that last week I had the temerity to interrogate Mr. Bonar Law in the House upon this subject, when, whilst deprecating any discussion relating to the peace negotiations and the views of the various delegates, he was good enough to inform me that "to the best of his belief" no such hitch as I had suggested had occurred. I do not doubt that the Leader of the House was speaking "by the card" in giving this reply, and I can only hope that his optimism may be ultimately justified. Meanwhile, the days and weeks and months are running on and the Eleventh of November, 1918, the date of the Armistice, already appears a long time past. However, as I have said, I do not propose to worry the Government further this week, but will do my best to possess my soul in patience for a little longer. In our next issue, however, I am afraid I shall break out into another inquisitive mood, and shall want to know things.

The Industrial Crisis.

And now let us have a look at matters at home. As we go to press the position is that the industrial "Triple Alliance" has postponed its decision respecting the threatened strike until to-day, Wednesday; and whilst I am not without hope that the immediate crisis will pass over, I feel it my duty to warn the public that these constant excursions and alarums are but symptoms of an extremely grave peril which is threatening our country. And I propose to speak quite plainly respecting two of the "leaders," the *bona-fides* of whose motives in fomenting unrest amongst the workers I unreservedly impeach. I refer to Messrs. Smillie, of the Miners' Federation, and Williams, Secretary of the Transport Workers. For a man like J. H. Thomas—as clean and honest a Labour leader as ever lived—I have nothing but respect. But I can have no truck with avowed Bolsheviks of the Smillie and Williams type. Believe me, the title I have given to this article has not been selected from purely rhetorical considerations. The record of Smillie and Williams, as champions of the workers, reeks with the stink of Bolshevism. They are out for anarchy and revolution, and the sooner the miners and the transport workers understand the type of men who are posing as their representatives, the better for themselves. I will take one definite and practical example of these men's temperaments and motives, and will leave them to clear themselves of my accusations, if they can.

"Follow Russia!"

Some months ago, and whilst the war was still in progress and things were looking black for Britain, Smillie presided at a faked-up Labour Convention held in the Coliseum, Leeds. And what do you think was its avowed object? I will give it you in the words of the official declaration—"*to organise the British democracy to follow Russia*"! And after a lot of vapid and wild talk on the part of delegates, several of them bogus in character, it was decided to establish in every town, urban and rural district, a council of workmen's and soldiers' delegates on the Russian model. In other words, Smillie and his friends—his "comrades" I believe I ought to say—wished to establish Soviet government in Great Britain. And who do you think was Smillie's chief supporter at this Convention? Mr. Robert Williams, the Secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation. So here you have the commencement of the Strike Partnership between the miners and the transport workers with which the country is to-day confronted. Now listen to a specimen of Mr. Smillie's oratory on this occasion: "We have got to speak in the name of our own class, and damn the Constitution!" And a little later we have the same Mr. Williams waving the red flag at the Albert Hall and suggesting that a "To Let" board should be put up in front of Buckingham Palace. In other words, here was an effort on the part of these two wild revolutionaries to play the rôles of Lenin and Trotsky in the United Kingdom. And whilst thousands of the splendid fellows for whom they professed, and still profess, to speak, were shedding their blood in France and Flanders, these men were urging the negotiation of terms of peace with Germany which should not press too harshly upon her! For the Convention was composed almost exclusively of Pacifists—prepared at any time to negotiate with a base and brutal foe, but who deride the policy of negotiation and at once order a strike ballot when it comes to the internal affairs of what the poverty of the English language compels me to call their own country.

An Honest Effort.

Do not let it be for one moment assumed, however, that the condemnation and exposure of those two "leaders" implies any lack of sympathy with the genuine demands of the workers whose sufferings and grievances they are out to exploit. It did not require the Coal Commission to teach me that there has been wicked and wanton profiteering by the mine-owners and, indirectly, by the Government, and that the conditions under which the average miner lives—if living indeed it be—are a travesty upon civilisation and a disgrace to a Christian land. And in a lesser degree it must be conceded that both transport workers and railway men, having regard to the new economic conditions created by the war, have much to complain of. Nor will I for a moment listen to the smug theory that we have reached the point in the matter of wages and cost of production where further substantial concessions to the workers cannot be made. I know all about American and other competition in foreign markets, but I also know something of the natural resources of my own country, and I am satisfied that, given decent homes, good food—yes, and good drink too—and full production, Britain can still hold her own as a manufacturing nation, and that her goods, produced under such conditions as I have indicated, will always command the world's markets. It is, however, unnecessary to argue these abstract propositions, because, under the guidance of an impartial and trusted Judge, enjoying the respect of colliery owners and miners alike, and with the acquiescence of men of position and weight in the industrial world, there has emerged from the recent Inquiry the prospect of a peace which only the machinations of men of the Smillie and Williams type can frustrate. By all means let further negotiations proceed. Let the men get more if they possibly can, but in God's name don't let them miss the substance through grasping at the shadow.

The Government's Duty.

As I say, I am hopeful of peace. If, however, the worst should happen and, misled by the calculating Bolsheviks who have contrived to secure their confidence, the miners should come out on strike—to be joined in that event by the transport workers and the railway men (in both of which cases, however, the trouble is easily capable of solution), then there can be no doubt whatever as to the duty of the Government. Mr. Bonar Law tells us that "all the resources of the State" will be utilised to grapple with the situation. I prefer to use less vague language. The "resources of the State" may mean anything. What I suppose Mr. Bonar Law wanted to say, but dared not do so, is that the mines and railways and means of transport will at once be placed under military control and that the Army will be called upon to keep things going and to preserve order. And here it is that the Bolsheviks think they hold the trump card in their hands. The citizen army, they imagine, would never turn upon the workers; more likely, they believe, would they make common cause with them. *Don't believe it!* Men who have risked life and limb and faced the tortures of Hell for four years for a

Y SENTIMENTS.

ment's Duty—A Call to the Nation.

TOR.

shilling a day, whilst those who remained at home have been filling their pockets with good wages, however inadequate in existing circumstances, and have been safe from the onslaught of the Hun, will never stand by and allow the whole fruits of their sacrifices and sufferings to be frittered away in a trade dispute—especially in face of an honest effort on the part of the Government to meet the men's demands. If I am wrong in this view, then I have failed to learn anything of the British soldier—to whose interests I have dedicated all my energies and efforts during the past four years, and who, in *his* just claims upon the gratitude of the country he has saved, will always find me on his side. Let the Government, therefore, take its courage in its hands. Its firmness with the Sinn Feiners—who, as I have before pointed out, are as a body sincere and serious, if misguided, men—has prevented much trouble in Ireland. Will Ministers be less courageous when, with the British soldiers at their back and the bereaved relatives of our dead heroes anxiously looking on, and with honest and genuine working men only too ready, when properly advised, to do the right thing, they are called upon to save Britain from a foe more insidious than the one which the valour of our sons has crushed to the dust? God grant, however, that the need for such action may never arise, and that the innate good sense and sound instinct of the British race will once more assert itself, and that the outcome of this latest upheaval may be a domestic peace which will go hand in hand with that better world-understanding which we are all waiting and praying for from the Conference in Paris.

Red Flag or Union Jack?

Trade we know follows the flag—but the flag that trade follows is the Union Jack—not the Red Flag. Wherever the Red, White and Blue flies in the world to-day, there the British merchant finds his market. And that means production at home—in other words, money for the wage-earner. The Red Flag means anarchy, and where there is anarchy there is unemployment, hunger, death. Look at Russia to-day. There ordered government has given place to revolution. Workmen are receiving colossal wages, but for the necessaries of life grotesquely inflated prices have to be paid, and men with their pockets full of money are starving because they cannot get food. There are two ways of making revolution—one is by violence and the other is by reason. And for this dear old country of ours reason is the only way. My working class friends will gain more in the long run by going slow than by trying to rush things; and if I know anything of the average working man, I am convinced of this: that he will not allow his legitimate demands for better conditions—better wages—better houses—more leisure and time for recreation—to be used by the red-raggers for their own selfish ends. Mind you, I do not suggest that all the extreme men in the Labour movement are not sincere. But they refuse to read the lessons of history—they think they can make the Millennium in a day; that a "land fit for heroes to live in" can, like Jack's beanstalk, grow up in the night.

Bolsheviks' Murderous Money.

They are not alone in their delusions. Even my friend the Prime Minister welcomed the Russian revolution. He thought—and he told us—that it would mean a better and a more lasting peace; he hailed that pinchbeck leader Kerensky as the "St. Just of the Revolution," and in the name of the British Government he gave the red flag his blessing. Yet what do we find to-day? That Russia is a menace to the peace of the world; that the gold of Russia—and although the dastardly German took 300,000,000 sterling of it, there is more than that sum at the disposal of the dastardly Lenin—is being used to carry the cruel and murderous principles of Bolshevism wherever bribery and corruption can sow the seeds of disorder. Some of that money is being spent in England to-day, and if you look behind the latest demands of Labour, and seek to account for the violence with which some of those demands are advocated, there you will find the apostle of Anarchy, the disciple of the Bolshevik. Instead of the Russian revolution making a firmer and a better peace, it is delaying peace, and it is threatening the stability of ordered government far beyond the boundaries of Russia. I am no alarmist; by nature I am an optimist—I see a silver lining to every cloud and know that the darkest hour precedes the dawn; and I am not going to lose heart because wicked men are trying to upset ordered government in this country. I have a profound belief in the sound common sense of the British working man—in his love of justice and fair play, and above all in his love of country. There is hardly a home in England to-day which does not mourn some loved son, or brother, or some near and dear relative.

A Call to the Nation.

What did we fight for? We fought not for the Red Flag, but for the Union Jack; for the flag of freedom and liberty, not for the rag of ruin, of disorder and death. There are millions of good citizens who to-day have gained nothing from the war but a legacy of sorrow and the burden of living. It is the proper desire of every man to improve his lot, to get better wages, greater comforts, more happiness. But if we look across the North Sea we have a lurid picture of how not to do it—an object lesson in the perils and destruction which follow the Red Flag. There is room for all and a decent life for all in this old country of ours, if we set to work and rebuild the ravages of war by restarting our factories and re-making our industries. We have brothers across the seas who stood by us in the hours of struggle and who are anxious to cement the union of sacrifice and sentiment by the golden bond of Imperial trade. The Empire for which we have fought is big and mighty so long as it is industrious and loyal. I know something of Canadian feeling—how anxious the merchants and traders of the great Dominion are to give us of their very best in brain and muscle! They ask for nothing better than to trade with the old country; they want to receive our goods for theirs. We are suffering to-day because in the exigencies of war wonderful America became our chief market; and because we had ceased to manufacture anything but engines of destruction, and were forced to pay for all we got in gold. What Canada wants, what Australia and South Africa want, is to trade with us, not on a cash but a goods basis—we sending them what we produce and they need, in exchange for what they produce and we need. That is the firm basis of ideal trade, and trade within the Empire means wealth and happiness within the Empire. And unless we soon set to work to consolidate that Empire trade, we shall find we are too late. As my readers know, I am no dreamy sentimentalist where America is concerned. I have no belief of any kind in the "ideals" of her President. I prefer to take note of the fact that not only has she, unlike all the Allies, made a huge profit out of the war, but that she is now very actively concerned in an attempt to secure the commercial fruits of their victory. I do not complain—it is legitimate commercial competition; but I do say, let us face the facts and not indulge in this "Exeter Hall nonsense" about the League of Nations and all the rest of it. Let us keep our heads cool, and always remember that our first duty is to our own kith and kin. It was they who answered without a moment's hesitation the call of the Motherland. They have proved their sterling worth and, having stood shoulder to shoulder with us in war, they are anxious to join hand in hand in trade and commerce. Imperial Preference should be our policy; trade within the Empire; those at home and those in the Dominions working for a common prosperity. And so I say to my friends of the working classes—to the great middle class also, who have been worse hit than any by the war—be patient, go slow, let us keep our heads, and by keeping our heads we shall keep our Empire. We have long been to the world the pattern and example of good government, of just laws. Rally round the flag, for the flag is the symbol of the State, the emblem of the Empire—the greatest in history. Let no Red Flag be seen among us. The Union Jack has made us what we are—the greatest, the finest, the most civilising influence in the world. God save the King! Three cheers for the Union Jack!!

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes must be marked "People's Pulpit."

These letters, selected from our weekly mail, are confined to questions of general interest.

More personal matters are dealt with in our "Letter Bag" page.

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Greaves, the writer of the starred letter.

Key Money.

"Fair Play's a Jewel," except when you are house-hunting. I enclose three cuttings from a local paper, one offering £10 for key of house and the other two £5. Isn't it about time this trafficking in "keys of houses" was put an end to? What chance has a poor man when house-hunting? It looks as if some house agents and "lucky" tenants are going to make a "bit" before the present house famine is over.—Wm. B. Smith, Bouverie Street, Northampton.

(*We have frequently exposed this system and wish it could have been brought within the purview of the Rent Restriction Bill.*)

Revenue from the Rivers.

Let the working man have sport and he will pay for it. Free access should be given to the rivers. Let the Government impose a tax on each rod; for salmon-fishing make it extra. Adopt bye-laws making it illegal to fish without a licence. Entrust the guardianship of the rivers to the respective associations in the districts, and the Government will find that a handsome revenue awaits them every year.—Wm. Burt, Lea-Rig Cottage, Larkhall.

(*We will pass this suggestion on to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for consideration before he makes his Budget statement.*)

A State Building Society.

When the State house is built, opportunity should be given to the tenant on lines similar to the following:—Rent to be paid for a period of 15 years. At the end of that time the tenant to complete the purchase by paying down a small lump sum. Amount of rent and the lump sum to be determined, at beginning of tenancy, by the cost of building and materials. All repairs and decorating to be undertaken by the tenant. Ex-Service men to be given preference in tenancies under such a scheme.—Amelia Simcock, Longford Street, Warrington.

(*We will bear all these suggestions in mind when the Housing Bill comes before Parliament.*)

That "Ninepence for Fourpence" Act.

The time is opportune for the Government to appoint a Commission to go into the whole question of National Health Insurance. The scheme should either be very much improved or squashed altogether. At present there is a want of faith in Panel doctors, and Friendly Societies are feeling there is too much officialdom. Doctors themselves are all right, but the restriction in regard to costly medicines means preventing the workers getting the best medicines available. Then, again, 10s. per week for sickness is ridiculous in these times.—John Hulme, Croston Street, Bolton.

(*We are not at all sure that this importation by the Prime Minister from Germany should not be dispensed with altogether.*)

An "Unconsidered Trifle."

Having noticed that the L.C.C. investments in War Securities total £10,303,000, I would like to know where the money came from. Was it out of the ratepayers? If so, was it just or lawful for the L.C.C. or any other C.C. to collect from the ratepayers more per annum than is really necessary to pay all expenses for the year? If lawful, it isn't just.—E. N. Greaves, Princes Street, Babbacombe.

(*An excellent point, which we will certainly follow up in the House.*)

Black List Them!

Every week your "Silver Badgers" column refers to cases where employers break promises to keep open the jobs of their men who enlisted. To bring these people to their senses, publish a list of their names, and if all patriotic people declined to buy off them there would be very few who would risk their precious pockets by declining to recognise their former employees' rights.—Herbert Ryland, Lieut., Piccadilly, W.

(*This is part of a big post-war problem, and our correspondent's suggestion is well worthy of consideration.*)

Pity the Small Shopkeeper.

As a general rule most wholesalers are very hard on the small shopkeepers. Sweets, chocolate, etc., are often packed in 7-lb. (or sometimes larger) boxes. A tradesman in a small way, with little money, does not always want so much of one particular thing. Again, one is often expected to order a gross of postcards, when one does not want more than 3 dozen of one sort. With everything one wants it is the same. The times we are living in are calculated to crush out of existence the tradesman in a small way. Many small shopkeepers are wives or widows of soldiers, who in their efforts to carry on, during the last four years, have been very nearly crushed out of existence, with the various restrictions and the abuse of the wholesalers.—Miss G. G. Perkins, South End, South Croydon.

(*Some months ago we published a special article dealing with the grievances of the small shopkeeper, and shall continue to watch his interests.*)

Cramped in Camberwell.

Hundreds of people in the South of London are engaged in the thankless task of looking for houses and flats, including many young couples willing and eager to get married. Yet the Army authorities seem unwilling to give up possession of property which if released would materially ease the shortage. In one case I have in mind, the Military authorities are holding five whole blocks of model dwellings, comprising flats sufficient to house over 250 families, and all this for the accommodation of about 100 men employed in the Repair Depot of the A.S.C., M.T., at Walmer Road, Camberwell Green—this in a spot which is very densely populated, and where the people are crying out for accommodation.—Henry J. Smy, Devonshire Road, Stratford.

(*This, too, we will bear in mind when the Housing Bill is discussed in Parliament.*)

Out of Work "Donation."

In clause 7 of the Summary of Scheme it states: "In any case of doubt as to whether a claim to donation should be admitted, the claim will be referred to a Court of Referees. If the claim is disallowed and the applicant receives permission from the Court, he may appeal to the Umpire." My case was heard by a Court of Referees on February 25th, and was ruled out. I obtained permission to appeal to the Umpire. I was told that a form would be sent me, but up-to-date I have not heard anything more about it. I have inquired of the Appeals Officer, also at the Labour Exchange, and I have written to the Ministry of Labour. I begin to think the Umpire has not yet been born. I wonder how many more readers have had similar experience.—Frank Harrison, Bethel Road, Rotherham.

(*This is an old scandal, and we will do our best to remedy it.*)

Plaints of a Pensioner.

Like many others, I have lost my only son and have a pension. But every three months I have to fill in a life certificate, answer insulting questions, and get it signed by a magistrate, minister or doctor. I live three miles from either, which means a journey I am very often unable to take, although the signatures have to be obtained within a certain time. Is that the justice our darling lad died for that is repeatedly being dinned into my ears? I was hurt at the time of my dear lad's death to be asked, before I could receive a pension, such questions as: Is he illegitimate? Has he a father? They did not ask these questions when they took him.—Mrs. Brokenshire, Respryn, Lostwithiel, Cornwall.

(*We certainly think there are quite sufficient Government officials in connection with the Pensions Department to obviate the necessity of putting pensioners to all this trouble and annoyance.*)

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Really Distracting:—After four years' service overseas, a poor fellow came home to find his wife very ill. She subsequently died, leaving nine children to the care of the man—just demobilised, and not as yet re-employed. This was a big dose after his recent experiences. He did not know which way to turn, but we smoothed the way for him as far as possible.

Many Misfortunes:—On leave from hospital, a soldier found a distressing state of things at home, his wife having kept the facts from him. One of the children had died after a long illness, money having to be borrowed to bury it; the bedclothes had been pledged to pay rent; the doctor was demanding payment; another child was without boots, and the wife was suffering from a nervous breakdown. We, of course, were only too pleased to assist.

More Bills:—The aged mother of a soldier was very ill with pneumonia, and the son who was looking after her was taken ill also. The poor woman died through lack of attendance; the soldier arrived home to put things straight, but found he could not cope with expenses, which included a long bill for medical attendance, undertaker's account, rent, etc. We readily helped.

A Sorrowful Plight:—The wife of an ex-soldier is trying her hardest to keep a roof over her children's heads—no light task. Her husband has been lying in Brompton Hospital since last November, far gone in consumption, leaving her with the sole responsibility of seven young children, and without means other than her earnings. The rent, too, was much overdue.

In Search of Health:—Still suffering from the effects of being gassed, an ex-soldier is unable to retain employment, and has been ordered by the doctor to the South of England to recuperate. We provided the means to pay his fare, his pension being sufficient for everyday expenses only.

An Old Soldier's Grievance:—His son suffers from epileptic fits, and is unable to work. The old man is a gardener with a small wage, and cannot provide all necessities for the lad. He asked our help to purchase boots, having no one else to look to for assistance.

Other Cases Helped:—

Payments demanded for hired furniture could not be made by discharged man, owing to re-opening of wounds necessitating cessation of work.

Two children ill with convulsions; doctor's bill could not be met owing to mother's state of health preventing her from earning.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Officers and Men, R.N. Camp., Haslar, £30; "W.," £1; E. S. (Devonport), 3s.; J. A. (Preston), 1s.; Mrs. H. E. S. (Gillingham), 6d.; Mrs. C. C. N., £1; K. S. (Southport), 5s.; B. W., 1s.; W. A. R. (Leyton), 1s.; "An A.B.'s Wife," 2s.; W. D. (Liverpool), 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; R. W. M. (Portsmouth), 2s.; "A Corporation Road Sweeper," 2s.; J. A. R. (Hawick), 2s. 6d.; "Old Merchant Salt," 2s.; J. J. D. J., 8s. 10d.; R. M. W., 3s.; "Wife of a Wounded Soldier," 4s.; "Stanley," £1; "Wind Up of Miniature Shooting Club, H.M.S. *Orestes*" (per F.A.T.), £1 16s.; "A Constant Reader" (Weedon), 1s.; R. M. L. I. (Gosport), 1s.; M. D. (Canonbury), 2s.; F. B. and Comrades, 1s.; H. G. (Hulme), 10s.; J. D. (Stroud), 1s.; P. D. (Lucan), 11s. 5d.; Mrs. E. B. (Fulham), 2s. 6d.; E. J., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. McW., 6d.; T. R. W. (Leicester), 1s. 9d.; W. R. (Notts), 1s. 6d.; "Fed Up with U.S.A. Swank," 10s.; E. M. W. (Lincoln), 2s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; O. A. (Highgate), 5s.; "Taxi Driver 5372," 1s.; Mrs. M. L. (N. Ormesby), 1s.; "His Nibs," 3s. 3d.; Pte. S. K. (Grantham), 1s.; Mr. S. (Chelsea), 1s; C. J. O. (Brighton), 2s.; "Ajax," 1s. 6d.; s.s. *City of Baroda* (Liverpool), £1 1s.; "A Worker" (Portsmouth), 1s.; "Rae," 10s.; "Midlothian Soot," 7s.; K. F. M. (Altrincham), £5; Pte. T. O. (Hurdcott), 10s.; F. E. W. (Birchington), 1s.; G. and M. (Buckhurst Hill), 3s.; J. I. T., £1; Mr. T. (Glasgow), 7s. 4d.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Petunia* (per J. H. S.), 13s.; G. H. (Rotherham), 2s.; "A Constant Reader" (Manor Park), 2s.; "A 7,000 Miles Tribute," £1 1s.; E. P. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; C. M., 7d.; Canteen Fund, H.M.S. *Chester* (per R. W. L.), £3; Mrs. McT., £1; "Marie R.," 10s.; "Lover of Horses," 10s.; Mr. W. J. Boycott, the winner of the First Prize in our 321st "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

(*Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.*)

THE ONLY CURE FOR ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

PRESCRIBED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

THE GREATEST OF ENGLAND'S PHYSICIANS have used and prescribed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, and Doctors are everywhere prescribing it for their patients, acknowledging its phenomenal success and sound principles.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION'S approval and endorsement of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure may be summarised by quoting the pronouncement of some of England's greatest Physicians. Notwithstanding the proper reserve of a great and responsible profession, reluctant to lend itself to hasty endorsement of unofficial treatment.

The Royal Physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, had such experience of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure as to justify his endorsement of it (as quoted under photo).

PROFESSOR G. J. ALLMAN, M.D, F.R.S., LL.D., ex-President of the Greatest Medical Society in the World, namely, the British Association, being a sufferer, himself used Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure with "marked success."

Dr. Hair, writing of his own sufferings, says:—"*For eleven years I suffered what I cannot describe, expecting death as the only relief. I tried everything I could hear of, with only partial relief. Finally, I came to adopt a theory of my own in regard to the nature of the disease. Selecting medicines and preventives on the basis of it, I found I was right, and soon I was entirely relieved, and have been free ever since.*"

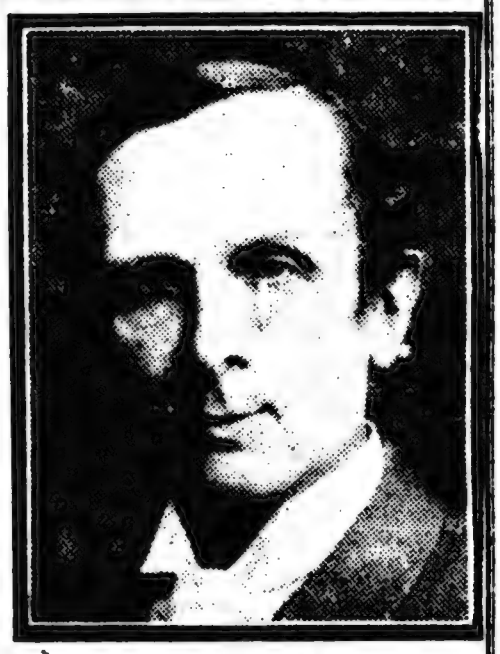
As Dr. Hair also says his treatment "**will enable the patient in two or three days to sleep in bed without suffering, and if the directions are followed, Health, Strength, and Flesh will be rapidly restored.**"

The Clergy, being less constrained to reserve by their professional tradition, express themselves more emphatically. The Rev. J. H. Bumstead, Vicar of Hambleton, says: "**Asthma can be cured and Dr. Hair's medicine will cure it.**" The Rev. J. Ll. Herbert, Rector of Disserth, Llandrindod, describes Dr. Hair's medicine as—"**An excellent cure without any ill-effects.**" Amongst countless others who endorse Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure are—The wife of the

Chaplain to Queen Victoria and King Edward,
CANON WILKINSON,
CANON ATKINSON,
GENERAL SIR H. ANDERSON, K.C.B.,
GENERAL SYKES,
GENERAL COODE,
LADY SARGENT,
MARGARET LADY HEYTESBURY,
LADY CHARLOTTE BERTIE,
THE BARONESS NOLLI,
THE HON. MRS. BUTLER, etc.

This great testimony should satisfy the thousands of sufferers that, whatever their sufferings and however countless the remedies may be they have in vain tried, there is still hope of permanent cure.

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN



Photo] [London Stereoscopic Co.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, who says: I have known many people benefited by using Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure can be obtained at the leading chemists throughout the world, including the thousand branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's, Timothy White's, &c., &c. The price of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is 3s.; large size 5s.

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P.C.B. - 53

***"A STITCH IN TIME . . ."*—Accept our Free Fire offer on page 16.**

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

An Eye-Opener:—We have already criticised the R.A.F. Pay Office at Woking. Here is a stereotyped form, sent to a man demobilised on 19th January, who has been applying for his money ever since: "Owing to the great pressure of work at this office, I would point out that there is bound to be some weeks' delay before it is possible to reply in detail to your inquiry." This concern is unconnected with the Army Pay Corps, which deals with all queries within 24 hours.

Which Was the Pig?:—A poor fellow on crutches, in one of our principal military hospitals, sneezed as the Matron passed him, and before he could place his hand to his face. The lady, for this horrible action, called him a "dirty pig," and threatened to take him before the Commanding Officer. Such accidents *will* happen in the best regulated *ménages*.

Amateur Officers:—Thank Heaven, we have worried through notwithstanding the military ignorance of the many officers dug out from behind the counters of hardware shops and drapery establishments, etc. Here is a discharge given to a Royal West Kent soldier by the officer in charge of Records at Hounslow: "Special military qualifications—Prisoner of War." This man will doubtless still be employed.

Our Pockets:—The man-in-the-street wonders why the national war expenditure is only a million a day less than during the big strafe-rush. Our own experience gives us an insight into some of the reasons. For instance, we have Generals, Brigadier-Generals, Colonels, Majors and all kinds of mandarins drawing their pay, although in many cases the General himself has only to look after about five hundred men—less than those normally under a Battalion Commander. That's the way the money goes.

"JACK."

Not Too Soon:—The Admiralty is moving, and volunteer naval officers are to be better treated in the matter of gratuities, and will have no further cause to be jealous of the demobilised Army officers. It is good to hear that, in addition, the pay of all officers, senior and junior, will be greatly increased—probably doubled. Our Navy suffered too long without complaining, but when they did make their voices heard some time ago "My Lords Commissioners and Others" were not slow in getting a move on.

Without Leave:—When H.M.S. *Constance* left for the West Indies, her stoker ratings were sent on board without the leave promised by Whitehall. Many of them are married men and feel the hardship. Next time, the deficiency must be made up to them.

The Dover Patrol:—The movement to perpetuate the work of the Dover Patrol is a meritorious one; but why should no mention be made, in the book that is being sold to raise funds, of the splendid drifter men who did so much for us, and were so often badly knocked about—many of them dying at their posts?

A Bit from the Bosphorus:—The Black Sea minesweepers ask us to nudge the Admiralty. They obtain no leave, and have to sweep on Sundays. Demobilisation is now in progress among the flotilla; but last in first out appears to be the system.

Held Back:—The crews of H.M.S. *Sefton* and other ships are grousing. Their commanders tell the R.F.R. men who were called up in 1914 they cannot be discharged until reliefs are sent from the Naval Barracks. As these are crowded with men who are doing nothing, the delay is incomprehensible.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

At Last:—The Government are setting up another Committee, which we hope will work better than the Civil Liabilities and the War Pensions Committees. Financial help is being given to Badgers, officers and men, who can prove that serious hardship has been caused them on account of their inability, through service, to meet their financial obligations. The individual amounts to be granted will not be larger than £104.

The Muddled Ministry:—Ex-Pte. Murphy died in Bridgend Asylum last July, and various appeals were sent to the Ministry of Pensions on behalf of his widow and children. The department awakened the other day, sending a railway warrant and notice for Murphy to appear before the Pensions Appeal Tribunal at Cardiff—nine months after his death! We are left wondering. While fully acknowledging the vast and increasing amount of work thrown on the Ministry, we once more repeat that the department is grossly inefficient.

Poor Old Tommy!—We want fair play for the old soldier discharged to pension. He has been overlooked by all the Commissions that have considered means of alleviating the enormous rise in the cost of living. It is abominable that after twenty-one years' faithful service, much of it possibly in the field, a man has to face life on a pension of 7s. 7d. a week. This is eminently a case for Mr. Churchill.

Economy:—The authorities at Southend require a Fuel Overseer, the job carrying with it a salary of £175 a year. Some members of the Council suggested that the amount be cut down to £40, and the post merged with that of the Executive Officer—an arrangement with which the holder of that position evidently agreed. We are glad to note that the majority vetoed the proposition, holding that the office should be given to a discharged disabled soldier.

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By "THE SQUIRE."

BEGINNING OF THE FLAT RACING SEASON.

We are rapidly nearing the end of the jumping season, which on the whole has not panned out so well as was anticipated, several meetings having had to be abandoned owing to adverse weather conditions. So far as the South is concerned, there is to be a two days' meeting on 2nd and 3rd April at Lingfield, and we shall wind up with Sandown on May 3rd. Then, of course, there is the big National Meeting at Liverpool, and the Easter programme at Manchester, with various smaller gatherings in other parts of the country. This journal will be issued in time for selections to be given for the Lingfield programme to which I have already alluded, and meanwhile I must do my best to put my readers on a few winners for Liverpool. As regards the National, I am afraid I must reluctantly discard my original fancy WATERBED, the horse having had some leg trouble during the past few weeks. I suppose, therefore, there is nothing to do but to hope that POETHLYN may safely negotiate the stiff Aintree country, in which case he will of course win. Personally, however, I am always prepared to lay odds against any horse finishing in this particular race. As regards the big Liverpool Hurdle race, however, I think I can speak with more confidence, as from information in my possession I believe the winner will be found in AYNESLEY, which, coming from the successful little Dicker establishment and ridden by Hulme, will, I feel confident, add yet another winner to young Hare's list. Nor should I be surprised to see the gallant old MINSTREL PARK win the Champion Steeplechase. He is a bold jumper, and of the probable runners is I think most likely to get the course. In the Stanley Steeplechase I should not look beyond BALLINCARROONA.

As regards the past week's jumping, the outstanding features have been the magnificent finish in the Penshurst Hurdle race, at Lingfield, between PENNANT, BALLYHANDY and CORYDON, in which Mr. Bottomley's game little horse was beaten by only two short heads, and the versatile and unique performance of MACMERRY in winning the Hurdle Handicap at the same meeting and then going on to capture the principal Steeplechase at Sandown on the Friday—thus more than compensating the owner for the Corydon disappointment.

I shall not say much about racing on the flat. I must, however, tender one piece of advice, namely, not to try and find winners at Lincoln. Not only have training operations been seriously interfered with but there is no guide to flat race form at present.

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"DAILY SKETCH":—
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"BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR" (advertisement):—
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"BUCKS ADVERTISER AND AYLESBURY NEWS":—
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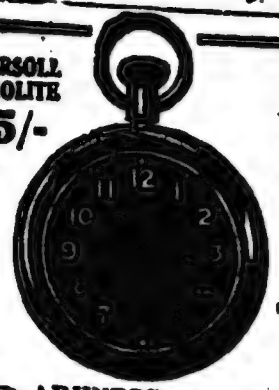

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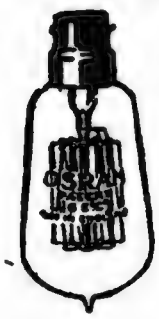

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COMPANY MEETING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

A special general meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada was held on March 21 at the Cannon Street Hotel "for the purpose of receiving a statement from the directors with regard to the negotiations between the company and the Government of the Dominion of Canada." Mr. Alfred W. Smithers, the chairman of the company, presided, and there was a large attendance of the proprietors.

The chairman referred to the negotiations which had been going on from January, 1918, when the Canadian Government asked the directors to say on what terms they would recommend the proprietors to sell their property, down to the present time.

The Government offer was to pay an annuity of £740,000 per annum at the end of eight years over and above fixed charges; the directors' offer was to take an annuity of £977,000 immediately *plus* what an arbitrator might give over and above that amount, or an immediate annual payment of £1,163,000 without arbitration. The difference between them was in the one case £237,000 per annum at the end of eight years *plus* what additional sum an arbitrator might award; or, in the second case, the difference between £740,000 at the end of eight years and an annual payment of £1,163,000, or a difference of £423,000. As their offer was based upon an immediate payment and the Government offer was based on payments to be spread over eight years, the loss to the company which would be caused by such postponement must be added to the difference which he had indicated between the Government terms and those of the directors. The postponement of three and eight years in the proposed Government terms would alone cause a loss of £1,800,000 in that period to the first and second preferences. The directors' offer to accept an immediate annuity of £977,000 would suffice to pay the full dividends on the guaranteed stock, the first and second preference stocks, and 2½ per cent. on the third preference stock, leaving it for arbitration to settle what should be given to the ordinary stock, in the same way as it was left in the case of the Canadian Northern Railway.

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[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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Pte. E. J. D., A.E.F. (Liverpool).—You admit that it was President Wilson's ideal to keep America out of the war, and that now he seems to expect to be allowed to boss the Peace. That's what "gets our goat." But we've no ill-feeling towards you Dough Boys.

"Clerk's Wife" (Stirling).—"The Coal Commissioners are much praised for their wonderful figures, but they would have had none to show except for the colliery clerks working overtime—for which there was no pay." Is that what hubby told you?

G. M. (Birmingham).—"Don't you think it quite time men earning £3 a week should be exempt from Income Tax?" With the present purchasing value of the sovereign, we agree that it is—quite.

Mrs. F. E. B. (Boscombe).—"In what way does Horatio Bottomley represent the Archbishop of Canterbury?" They are both pulpiteers, but the Archbishop takes the bigger collection.

"An Englishman" (American E.F., Belgium).—"I'm durned glad that at least one man in England is not asleep." It takes him all his time to wake up the others.

M. L. (Bow, E.).—We submit to the necessity to feel the German brutes, candidly *not* from sympathy, but in our own national interests.

"Calgay" (Alberta).—"I must write to say I do not care for the attitude you are taking as regards Germany." There is no "must" about it. You might stick your head up the chimney, and get it off your chest that way.

R. B., J. W., J. B., and Others (Glasgow Yeomanry, with E.E.F.).—We admit saying that a lady, living in Scotland, had a nose for a bargain. You call this an "unwarranted slur on the fair name of your country." Sitting in sackcloth and ashes, we now say that nobody living in Scotland has, or ever did have, a nose for a bargain. Will that do?

B. and Co., Ltd. (Glasgow).—"Sometimes funny things happen in this part of the world and we think this might be of some interest to you." Hoots awa! mon; we dare'na prent "funny" things of Scotland.

Sgt. McG. (Westcliff).—"The Editor changed his seat in the House with the crippled M.P. Not the first time he has stood for the ex-Service man!" It just happened to be our happy privilege, that's all.

"Engineer" (Melksham).—So the *Co-Operative News* says we are a "shrieking Imperialist." That's better than being a squealing monopolist.

F. A. F. (Lincoln).—Quite right; before talking of pardon for "Conchies," let us have a free pardon for "deserters," many of whom are real white men. We have often urged this.

H. P. (S. Hackney).—"Will they ever try to find the rightful owners of the vast unclaimed moneys in the Bank of England?" That's about the last thing they desire. If any of it belongs to you, you won't get it out without a crowbar or the Act of Parliament we have so often tried to get passed.

H. H. M. (Bradford).—According to the Rev. Walter Wynn, the Bible is "a book set aside" for us to study, we being "a revolving lighthouse on the shores of time." Sounds a bit mixed, but, so long as we shine in dark places, we don't mind going the giddy round.

"Captain" (Liverpool).—Glad to get your approval of our condemnation of Leamington Town Council's ungenerous treatment of the triple hero, Private Dandy, V.C., D.C.M., M.M. "A brave soldier and gallant gentleman," you call him. And you know!

A. C. (Thornton Heath).—Gardeners are often underpaid, and many live on their "perks." As a race, they have been imposed on ever since the first one was.

F. R. (Maidenhead).—Directors of a Company selling "pure milk" made of powder and water ought to be boiled in their own abomination.

R. L. (Llangeinor).—As you say, the designation is a misnomer. "Old Age Pittance Act," would be a more appropriate title.

R. L. (Vancouver).—"A navna tasted Scotch a year, for prohibition reigneth here; There's nocht but what they ca' snun' beer, it gie's me bool complaint severe." Sorry.

M. W. C. (Edinburgh) says that at Duddingston there are six large breweries, one large creamery, and one large colliery, but a house can't be had for love or money.

C. I. (Gore End).—"I am one of the many fed up with President Wilson's Exeter Hall cant." He is a professor by profession.

A. W. D. (Hove).—"I want a birth." Surprised the Labour Exchange can't help you—!

"Assistant Schoolmaster" (Somerset).—Four years learning, two years fighting, now home wounded, and the Education Committee fixes your salary at £75 a year! Some of the London scavengers get nearly double.

Mrs. H. L. (Cheetham).—You are 66, and you brought up five children "decently, on 16s. a week wages." You are one of the reasons for starting O.A.P. at the age of 65.

H. M. (Oswin Street, S.E.).—"The Government requires 2,000 labourers for France, 4s. 6d. per day, and separation allowance. Of two men who applied, one, aged 23, was too young, the other, aged 43, was too old. Do you believe it?" Yes, we are prepared to believe anything of a Government Department — provided, of course, it's stupid.

J. K. C. (Penarth).—Evidently you don't love us as much as you used to do. If we're not now as good as you expect us to be, we'll try to be as good as we can.

L. B. (Holloway).—If people who buy Dunn's hats do not know the "Conchy" record of the family, it is not our fault. We have Dunn all we could do.

G. B. (Liverpool).—You are "the man whose body was made a magnetic contact with unknown power." You are out of work, although "the authorities have received valuable information" through your "body having made a contact with earthly magnetism." Get your panel doctor to break that contact at once; it's serious.

Cpl. G. B. (Sheffield).—Haven't we printed warnings enough against J. A. Davis and Co., Camberwell? But to retain a watch belonging to a one-legged ex-prisoner from Germany is playing it low down, even for them.

A. C. (Doncaster).—The card of that Doncaster undertaker, who "solicits the favour of a trial order" is neat. You should pass it on to the thrice-hanged man.

F. P. (New Wandsworth).—C. A. M. Goodwin's so-called Society of Praying Christians looks like a hunt for subscriptions. The money taint in its printed "prayers" is nauseating.

F. J. B. (Burwash).—So Lloyd, of the Universal Trading Co., Cornwallis Road, Upper Holloway—fr sh fr m H M prison for a similar fraud—has been trying the old game of making you buy a chain because you won what he calls a "prize." We expect he'll soon be receiving His Majesty's hospitality again.

"A Private" (Kinsale).—Don't be snorty. You can't blame us for what we chanced to overhear at the Dispersal Station.

R. B. (Loddon).—Instead of the clocks being put forward an hour on March 30th, we should like to see an alteration made to the "dials" of the idiots who refuse to release enough whisky for the reasonable requirements of the public.

"One Who Knows" (Waltham Cross).—"After serving her mistress 35 years, she, with double pneumonia, was left two days in a fireless room, and then sent by doctor to the Infirmary, where she died." Well, we know how such a mistress deserves to be "served."

M. M. (Mid Clyth).—They received seven weeks' unemployment money. Can't expect to have it for ever, you know.

J. W. S. (Edinburgh).—"Do you think it would be a good idea if the Government motor-cycles were sold to officers and men?" As we have said so about twenty times, perhaps you will one day have an inkling that we really do think so.

J. W. (S. Hackney).—"The lady said, if the coal was not sent she would write to John Bull. It was delivered same afternoon." If we threaten to write to ourselves, perhaps we shall get a scuttlefull.

"Rev." (Bournemouth).—You are right. The prices of wines after four months of armistice are extortionate. The Government will do nothing to bring them down, that's why.

Bombardier G. G. (B.E.F.).—Agree it was rough luck on the soldier being fined 2s. 6d. "for shooting at a rabbit on his first day in 'Civy Street.'" He seems to have missed the rabbit, too.

"Balloon Section" (Belgium).—No we do not advise a Memory Course for retrieving losses at "Crown and Anchor." Best way is to forget 'em.

"A Fighting Man of the Bedfordshire Regiment" (France).—The town of Bedford acted meanly to its Special Constables, and we said so. If you think that was an attack on your regiment, you are remarkably wrong. When we did mention your regiment we called it "The Splendid Bedfords."

C. G. (West Ealing).—£1 a week for board and lodging will not go far, but the Y.W.C.A. should not underfeed girls who pay that.

T. H. (Carlisle).—"Being the owner of something of national importance—." What is it? Fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring?

B. L. (Romford).—You may be correct in your assumption that the unemployment allowance is largely responsible for keeping girls from domestic service.

"Down-Trodden Nurses" (City Road).—Certainly a Matron should not act on an anonymous letter. By the way, *your* letter is not signed!

A. S. (Redditch).—"My sister, aged 37, married a man giving his age as 64. She now finds he is 74. What remedy has she?" She can bring a suit of nullity, we should think.

E. A. E. (W.R.A.F.).—"I have been fined 2s. 6d. for not going on clothing parade in the pouring rain." But consider how dry you kept for the money.

F. R. C. (Southampton).—You were "done" for 2s. 6d. over a summons for rates—20 years ago, and it "still rankles"! Forget it, man. There are worse troubles at sea!

E. H. (Doncaster).—Concerning your yarn about the local farmer who asked for German prisoners to get in his harvest on March 4th, we are now singing, "Oh, What can the Harvest Be?"

L. D. (London).—The names of informants in cases of cruelty to children are not divulged without permission.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

WONDERFUL VALUE IN FOUNTAIN PENS.

THE JOHN BULL PEN.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE COUPON.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*March 29th, 1919.*)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

How we improved our memory in one evening

Being the Amazing experiences of Victor Jones and his wife, who with 114,000 world-wide Men and Women last year took

THE ROTH MEMORY COURSE

The Popular Course at a Popular Price

"Of *course* I know you! Mr. Addison Clarke, of Hull.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the timber merchant, introduced me to you at luncheon at the Automobile Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Metropole—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "eavesdrop," even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast-master was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came to my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later when he picked out from the crowd of 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number correctly.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell you he called over, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him, in rapid order.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. So did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became head of a £300,000 company, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strongly. The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be frightened to death—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can recall like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I believe" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that just now," or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of Mr. H. Q. Smith, Department Manager of the Multigraph Company? Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent, in a week and 1,000 per cent. in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to the National Business and Personal Efficiency, Dept. 34, of the Standard Art Book Company, Ltd., 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4, for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

What the Course did for Mrs. Jones.

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been for years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand, because she never forgot the name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

SEND NO MONEY.

So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within three days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the 114 thousand other men and women who have taken the Course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk, and you have everything to gain, so write now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

THE NATIONAL BUSINESS AND PERSONAL EFFICIENCY (Dept. 34), The Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

A postcard addressed to H. Samuel brings you by return his beautifully illustrated Free Book of wonderful Bargains in high-class Jewellery, Watches and Plate offered at next-to-Factory Prices that save you pounds.

WRITE TO-DAY!

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Reliable movement, Handsome Nickel case. **15/9**

H. SAMUEL
189, MARKET ST, Manchester.
H.SAMUEL, LTD.

THE MOST **WONDERFUL VALUE** IN THE **RAINCOAT WORLD TO-DAY**

You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, so don't put the matter off until it does rain and then buy the first you see.

If you seek greater Style and greater value, the coat for you is the beautifully tailored, proper fitting "SARTOR" Raincoat. *It is only because we are the actual Manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of*

29/6

So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we willingly refund your money. Made in reliable quality Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully lined, check fabric with smart belts and buckles. Ladies, Maids, and Youths all in stock.

Write to-day for Free Patterns and Fashion Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (DEPT. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

MAZDA
Drawn Wire
Electric Lamps
Sold by all
Electrical Contractors
Ironmongers
and Stores.

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
77, UPPER THAMES ST. E.C.

CATESBY LINO
on your floors—saves money and labour. It lasts so long and needs no scrubbing. Patterns and prices free if you ask for set No. 19.
CATESBYS Ltd., LONDON, W.1.

I will teach YOU to play brilliantly without Drudgery or Fatigue

In a few months, and with less than half the usual practice, my modern, vivid, progress-compelling **Piano Correspondence Lessons** will give you such a grip of the Keyboard and ease in reading **ordinary music**, that you will play with spirit and feeling. Songs, Marches, Dances, Hymns, and many of the famous Classical Gems.

I **guarantee success** to any average person.

Adult Beginners need not know a note.

Send a card to-day for my illuminating little book **"MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD"** It explains my System and shows what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say it has done for their playing. **Judge for yourself what it can do for you.**

An Elementary:—Before your exercises I was only conscious of possessing two hands, just as I was aware I had two feet. Now I have hands, **each possessing five separate controls**, of which **each is alive and under** A. A. (Coventry.)

A postcard with **full address** (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word **Moderate, Elementary or Beginner**, will bring my book, with form for free advice and opinion by return

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C 1.

FIRE IS no respecter of persons—protect yourself by accepting our Free offer on page 16.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Who's Boss? Bullet:—Master Of Mas. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 325.

ENGLAND'S GLORY	GERMANY'S BUSINESS	THE MINERS HOPE	WILSON THINKS THAT
THE PRIME MINISTER	TAKING HIS MEDICINE	CHANGED TIMES	LYING LOW
WHAT BOTTOMLEY PROMISES	ENOUGH SAID	FIGHTING FOR EXISTENCE	DANGER TO STATE
WORTH HAVING	STAND AND DELIVER	SQUARING UP	WITHOUT SUCCESS
WHAT MOTHER LIKES	NO KID	NOT WANTED HERE	SPOILING THE BABY
NOT FOR SALE	HIS FIRST SPOON	SPRING CLEANING	WHO'S BOSS?
UPSIDE DOWN	LOOKING SMALL	A BIG NAVY	LIKE HIS DAD
THERE'S NO TELLING	STRIKE LEADERS	A GOOD DAY'S WORK	ARGUING WITH WIFE
SLIPPERY CUSTOMER	ASKING TOO MUCH	THE BEST WAY	UTTER RUBBISH
MARY ANN	SHAKING HANDS	A WISE MAN	THE KAISER'S HEAD

Closing Date, Thursday, April 3rd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(325) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 3rd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(325) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 325, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, April 3rd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(325) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date Thursday, April 3rd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(325) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and is gaily binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 323rd Bullets' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. F. A. PARRICK,
121, Lansdowne Road, Tottenham, London, N.17.

Example:—Hard To Believe.
Bullet:—Tube—"Next Station, Calais."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. C. PATERSON,
460, Gt. Cheetham Street E., Salford.

Example:—One Of The Boys.
Bullet:—Now Offered Boy's Wages.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. GEORGE BARKER,
166, Wightmans Road, Hornsey, N.8.

Example:—Spoils Everything.
Bullet:—Demobilised—"Standing At Ease."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. E. Roberts, 19, New Street, Uttoxeter, Staffs:
The Miners—Might Remember "Tommy's Home."
Miss Peggy James, Barnes, S.W.
(Please send full address.)
Everybody's Friend—Often Nobody's Real Pal.
Mr. W. Chew, "Brynderwen," Queensland Avenue Earlsdon, Coventry:
Trying To Settle—With Bolshevism—Russia's Mistake.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).
Miss E. Hinton, The Pantheon, Oxford Street, W.:
The Miners—"Dangerous Work" Upsetting Them.
Mr. A. Pimlott, Widdrington, Acklington, Northumberl'd:
Mr. Smillie—Thinks Someone Has "Plundered."
Mr. J. Macdonald, 22, Cecil Street, North Shields:
What Labour Wants—"Lot" To "Come Out."
Miss M. Caldwell, 21, Montgomery Road, Edgware:
Weak Constitution—Many "Enjoyed" During War.
Mr. J. Kennelly, Kilfenora, Co. Clare, Ireland:
After Trouble—Fools Always Run.
Mr. T. Aitken, 84, Irish Street, Dumfries, N.B.:
A Serious Threat—An "Appeal To Fear."
Mr. R. Jarvis, 45, Provincial Street, Barrow-in-Furness:
Getting The Bullet—Showing Nose In Russia.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. C. Mc Allan, 1, Stratford Grove, Heaton, Newcastle
Makes Wilson Smile—"Besting" Not "Bettering" Europe.
Mr. G.W. Johnson, 3, Alexandra Ave., Battersea Pk., S.W.
Sinking Sensation—Under-Secretaries—Bottomley's Up.
Mr. G. Lobley, 3, Montague Villas, Slough, Bucks:
Seeking A Home—Inventor, Whilst Invention Is
Mr. F. Finch, 5, Springfield Road, South Tottenham, N.
Makes Us Think—If Miners Don't.
Miss L. Cloud, 8, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W.:
Fairly Beaten—Germany Was—Russia Wasn't.
Miss D. Marran, Stoney Lane, Ardee, Co. Louth:
Weak Constitution—"Poor Laws" The Consequence.
Mr. C. Strangeways, 43, Lowther Street, Liverpool:
What Labour Wants—Patriotic Sacrifices In Others.
Mr. D. Weedon, 23, Tabley Road, Holloway, N.:
The Miners—"Dream of Home" Modernized.
Mr. A. Spink, 5, Ruth Street, Armley, Leeds:
What Labour Wants—Little Less Than—Affluence.
Mrs. S. Ratcliffe, 93, Crawford Ave., Sefton Pk., L'pool.
Makes Us Think Millennium Postponed—Army Estimates.

Result of Competition No. 325 will be found in our issue dated April 19th.

List of 10s Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 323 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published in the first issue of each month.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

March 29, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

March 29, 1919. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

DO YOU EVER THINK

of the serious risks you run by using Unsanitary

TOILET PAPER?

Think before you buy.

USE

"TYKE" BRAND & "B.B." BRAND.

All British Manufacture

"B.B."

1/1½ *per Roll.* 1/2 *per Roll.*

Ask your Chemist.

Send US Your Enquiries for ALL Grades of PAPER.

THE FRENCH PAPERSTOCK Co., Ltd.,

24-30, BERMONDSEY WALL, S.E.16.

Also 166, STOCKWELL ROAD, BRIXTON, S.W.

Telephone: HOP 4267.

There are many Cocoas not so good as Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

"We've proved it."

MY DOCTOR says

CICFA IS THE CURE FOR

INDIGESTION

Then you may Eat Bread, Potatoes, etc. and digest and enjoy all your food.

Mr. J. F. Barter, of Wembley, writes: "Having had a long illness, my digestive organs have gone quite wrong. My Doctor has prescribed Cicfa, so will you please send me one 3/- size, for which I enclose Postal Order."

GASES in Stomach or eructations.
Sharp, Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN
TONGUE coated white all over
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose, Spots & Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest & Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.
Do you know CICFA is the only remedy which cures BOTH STOMACH INDIGESTION with its HEARTBURN PALPITATION etc.
AND BOWEL INDIGESTION with its ACIDITY, FLATULENCE CONSTIPATION etc.
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty
EATING disliked or loathed Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowels, Griping and CONSTIPATION with all its misery

Doctors may disagree on some points, but many thousands now agree that although there was no cure for INDIGESTION until Cicfa was prepared, they now have in Cicfa a perfectly reliable Cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel.

Thousands of doctors when informed of the different kinds of digestive ferments composing Cicfa, at once concluded that it would cure. Over 5,000 doctors wrote to us for samples of Cicfa, many other doctors were so convinced that they prescribed Cicfa without waiting for samples. They were so pleased with the results and so delighted to have at last obtained a reliable cure for Indigestion, both in Stomach and Bowel, that more than 400 have written us testimonials, which, of course, we are not permitted to publish with name and address.

Here follows one of those letters from a doctor of high standing which we have received, and which we give word for word.

THIS DOCTOR writes:— "I am pleased to say I have personally tried your Cicfa and derived much relief from them. I have also given them to my father who is 90 years of age, who suffers only from Flatulent Dyspepsia. He has had immense relief. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial if you will kindly withhold my name and address."

The doctors knew that Cicfa must cure, and why it would cure, because they knew its ingredients would digest all the Albuminous foods like eggs meat, etc., in the Stomach, and all the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes, bananas, etc., in the Bowel, thus digestion would become perfect, and there would be no more Flatulence, Constipation, Heartburn, Headaches, etc.

No other remedy has ever been produced for prescribing, or for the public direct, which has this power.

On your holidays, and when travelling, you are generally Constipated. That is not your Liver—it is Bowel Indigestion which is caused by change of food, etc. Cicfa prevents and cures it, and makes your holiday a joy.

15 000 BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa. Very many of them have written us privately of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use. When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can proceed to take it at once. Purchase from your Chemist (**all Chemists sell Cicfa at 1/3 and 3/-**). If they should be out of stock for the moment we will forward it to you post free on receipt of Postal Order or stamps.

THE CICFA COMPANY,

8a, Duke Street, Manchester Sq., London.

John Bull 29/3/19

EGGS!

Judge by *results*. 'Victoria' Products are the least expensive feeds in the world. Invest in these health-giving products and you will be repaid tenfold. Shrewd rearers *never* buy rubbish: they buy the pure, nourishing 'Victoria' Products in our easily recognised packages, *because they bring results.*

VICTORIA POULTRY FOOD

The famous food which, before the war, got the extra egg or two which made the difference between you keeping the poultry and the poultry keeping you. The highly nourishing qualities of this food make it the most inexpensive food in the world, because it produces that fine firm flesh which adds from 1/- to 2/6 to the value of each bird marketed.

VICTORIA CHICKEN MEAL

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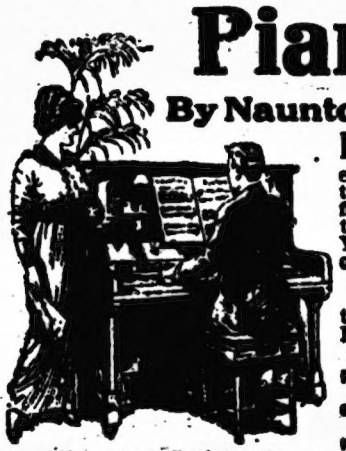
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